

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## A SEA VIEW.

I CLIMBED the sea-worn cliffs that edged the shore,  
 And, downward looking, watched the breakers curl  
 Around the rocks, and marked their mighty swirl  
 Quiver through swaying seaweed, dark and hoar.  
 Eastward the white caps rose, with far-off roar,  
 Against a sky like red and purple pearl;  
 Then hollowed greenly in and rushed to hurl  
 Their weight of water at the cliffs before.  
 Only a sea gull flying silently  
 And one soft, rosy sail were now in sight, —  
 A sail the sunset touched right tenderly  
 And flushed with dreamy glory, faintly bright.  
 Then fain would I have crossed the tossing sea —  
 Fain dared the storm, to float within that light.  
 Massachusetts Teacher.

From The Dublin University.  
 ASLEEP.

BEYOND all discord of this noisy world,  
 Set free from pain, from sorrow, from alarm;  
 Caught out of danger of infectious earth,  
 Gently she sleeps, the daughter of our love:  
 Our sister grown, redeemed, and older far.  
 With what profound solemnity she sleeps!  
 Still as an autumn noon, or like a lake  
 In the deep night reflecting moon and stars.  
 Age after age rolls by in ceaseless course:  
 Yet still she sleeps. That placid brow,  
 Calm as an angel's now, with mute appeal  
 Rebukes tenacious grasp of transient things;  
 Bids us be mindful of the truths that live  
 Deep in the tranquil Heaven, where she is gone.  
 December 14, 1871. H. P.

## A SONG OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY JEAN INGELOV.

THE city, he saith, is fairer far  
 Than one which stood of old;  
 It gleams in the light all crimson bright  
 With shifting glimmers of gold,  
 Where be the homes my fathers built,  
 The houses where they prayed?  
 I see in no sod the paths they trod,  
 Nor the stones my fathers laid.  
 On the domes they spread, the roofs they reared,  
 Has passed the levelling tide;  
 My fathers lie low, and their sons outgrow  
 The bounds of their skill and pride.  
 Shifting, sweeping change,  
 It plays with man's endeavour,  
 They carved these names grown strange,  
 And they said "Abide forever."

The city, I say, lieth far away  
 Whereto no change may come;  
 It has rays manifold of crimson and gold,  
 But I cannot count their sum.  
 They sigh no more by its happier shore  
 Who wander, foreboding not  
 Or waning away of a changeful day,  
 Or changing of life and lot.  
 They dream not there on earth's changing face,  
 Of mutable wind and sea —  
 Thou who art changeless, grant me a place  
 In that far city with Thee!  
 There record my name,  
 Father! forget thee never,  
 For thy thought is still the same,  
 Yesterday to-day, and forever.

Good Words.

## ANTICIPATION.

WHEN failing health, or cross event,  
 Or dull monotony of days,  
 Has brought me into discontent,  
 That darkens round me like a haze,  
 I find it wholesome to recall  
 Those chiefest goods my life has known,  
 Those whitest days, that brightened all  
 The checkered seasons that are flown.

No year has passed but gave me some;  
 O unborn years, nor one of you —  
 So from the past I learn — shall come  
 Without such precious tribute due.  
 I can be patient, since amid  
 The days that seem so overcast,  
 Such future golden hours are hid  
 As those I see amid the past.

Chambers's Journal.

## WINTER DAYS.

THE birds have flown:  
 Their barren nests are left alone,  
 Clinging to leafless bush or wind-tossed tree,  
 Mementoes mute of spring-time's blue and green,  
 Of fragrant orchards blossoming between  
 Brown, sun-warmed walls,  
 Of wide-swung doors and breezy halls,  
 And flower-beds decked to lure the drowsy bee.

But now, alas!  
 The blighting frost is on the grass.  
 Torn are the wither'd leaves from each loved tree:  
 The brooks are still, the woodlands dim and cold,  
 And harvest fields have yielded all their gold.  
 O, swift-winged bird!  
 To that bright land where now is heard  
 Thy tuneful lay, I'd gladly follow thee.

Dark Blue.

From The Quarterly Review.  
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN  
HOOKHAM FRERE.\*

MR. JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE may be regarded as a type of a remarkable class of men, of whom we have hardly any representatives in the present day. Of ancient lineage, a fine classical scholar, well read in English literature, with a keen and polished wit, and early brought into Parliament and official life, he combined a practical knowledge of the world with that love of letters and refinement which distinguished the statesmen of the last generation. His literary abilities were of the highest order. He was one of the chief writers in the "Anti-Jacobin;" his poem of Whistlecraft was the model upon which Lord Byron framed "Beppo" and "Don Juan;" and his translation of the plays of Aristophanes is a real work of genius, being, perhaps, the most perfect representation of any ancient poet in a modern language. He was the friend of Pitt and Canning; and the high estimation in which he was held by Scott, Byron, Coleridge, and his other illustrious contemporaries, appears from the Memoirs and literature of the period, in which his name constantly occurs. But to the present generation he is comparatively unknown. To this several causes have contributed. During the last twenty-five years of his life he lived in retirement at Malta. He was never ambitious of literary fame; he cared only for the appreciation of cultivated judges; and his circumstances dispensed with the necessity of appealing to the favour of the multitude. Most of his works were privately printed, and were difficult and almost impossible to procure, while others had never been printed at all. Under these circumstances we congratulate his nephews, Mr. W. E. Frere and Sir Bartle Frere, upon the good service they have rendered to literature, by making a complete collection of the works of their uncle. They have prefixed an interesting biography, which will enable us to present to our readers a sketch of Mr.

Frere's public and private life, with a brief account of his principal writings.\* We do this the more willingly, as Mr. Frere was one of the distinguished men who co-operated with the late Mr. Murray in establishing the "Quarterly Review."

John Hookham Frere was born in London on the 21st of May, 1769, the year which witnessed the birth of Napoleon and Wellington. Both his father and mother possessed rare intellectual gifts. His father, John Frere, a country gentleman of an old family settled in the eastern counties for many generations, lived on his estate of Roydon Hall, near Diss, in Norfolk. He had contended with Paley for the honours of Senior Wrangler in 1763, and was placed second in the list. He was High Sheriff of Suffolk in 1776, when he composed a High Tory sermon, which his chaplain preached for the edification of a Whig judge. It was pronounced to be "an excellent sermon, much better than judges usually got from High Sheriffs' Chaplains." Mr. John Frere represented Norwich in 1799; but he did not neglect literature or science. "He was an active member of the Royal Society, and of the principal scientific and antiquarian associations in London, and occasionally contributed a paper to their transactions, or to the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' then the usual vehicle for publishing the less formal and elaborate class of scientific or literary compositions."

Mr. Frere's mother was the only child of Mr. John Hookham, a rich London merchant. "Her own reading in early life had been directed by Mr. William Stevens, the intimate friend of Bishop Horne, and of Jones of Nayland, a ripe Greek and Hebrew scholar, and one of the most learned laymen of his day. The catalogue of books which he drew up for the young heiress, and which she seems, from her note-book, to have carefully read and studied, would probably astonish the promoters of modern ladies' colleges by the

\* *The Works of John Hookham Frere in Verse and Prose, now first collected, with a Prefatory Memoir, by his Nephews, W. E. and Sir Bartle Frere.* 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1872.

\* We learn from the Preface that we are indebted to Mr. W. E. Frere for the collection and preparation for the press of his uncle's works, and to Sir Bartle Frere for the biographical sketch prefixed to them.

ponderous, though varied, nature of the reading prescribed, embracing 'almost every branch of what an erudite and pious High Churchman of Johnson's days would consider sound divinity and history; in French, as well as in English literature.'

To the talents which Mr. Frere inherited from both parents there was added an influence which is always most interesting to trace—the influence of a high-minded and accomplished woman. Such was Lady Fenn, his father's surviving sister, and the widow of Sir John Fenn, editor of the "Paston Letters." As the authoress of "Cobwebs to catch Flies," under the name of "Mrs. Lovechild," Lady Fenn shares with Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Trimmer the honour of founding that species of fiction for children which was perfected by Miss Edgeworth. In the conversations of his later years, Mr. Frere described this type of a class to be revered the more as it becomes rarer:—

"It is difficult to give any one nowadays an idea of the kind of awe which, in my boyhood, a learned old lady like her inspired, down in the country, not only in us, her nephews and nieces, and in those of her own age and rank who could understand her intellectual superiority, but even in the common people around her. I remember one day, coming from a visit to her, I stopped to learn what some village boys outside her gate were wrangling about—they were disputing whether the nation had any reason to be afraid of an invasion by Buonaparte, and one of the disputants said, with a conscious air of superior knowledge—'I tell ye, ye don't know what a terrible fellow he is: why, he don't care for nobody! If he was to come here to Dereham, he wouldn't care that,' snapping his fingers; 'no! not even for Lady Fenn, there!'"

In his sixteenth year, Frere went from an excellent preparatory school to Eton. His descriptions of the dignified authority of Dr. Davies are valuable as a record of one of the strongest traditions of our public schools. The boys watched with jealous pride the bearing of their Head-master on the frequent visits of George III., and the good-natured king used to humour the pedagogue in magnifying his office; like Charles II. and Bushy. At Eton, Frere formed a life-long friendship with Canning, "for whom he cherished a love and admira-

tion, which absence never diminished, and neither age nor death itself could dull." He joined Canning and a few other Etonians of their own standing in starting "The Microcosm,"—a title admirably expressive of the miniature world of a public school,—the papers in which gave a clear promise of the striking literary ability which its principal writers afterwards displayed. Mr. Hookham Frere was fond of reverting to his school-boy days, and we are indebted to Sir Bartle for some interesting reminiscences of this period of his uncle's life. Talking of a barring out at the school, when eighty boys, and among them Mr. Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, were flogged, he said:—

"No one who has not seen it can estimate the good Eton does in teaching the little boys of great men that they have superiors. It is quite as difficult and as important to teach this to the great bankers' and squires' boys, as to dukes' sons, and I know no place where this was done so effectually as at Eton. Neither rank nor money had any consideration there compared with that which was paid to age, ability, and standing in the school."

With these recollections, says his biographer, he was not unnaturally disposed to question the wisdom of the plans, which, even thirty years ago, were some times propounded for making fundamental changes in the system and subjects of teaching in our public schools.

"'It was not,' he maintained 'of so much importance what you learnt at school, as how you learnt it. At school a boy's business is not simply or mainly to gain knowledge, but to learn how to gain it. If he learns his own place in the world, and, in a practical fashion, his duty towards other boys, and to his superiors as well as to his inferiors; if he acquires the apparatus for obtaining and storing knowledge and some judgment as to what kind of knowledge is worth obtaining, his time at school has not been misspent, even if he carries away a very scanty store of actual facts in history, or literature, or physical science. If, in his school-boy days, you cram his head with such facts beyond what are merely elementary, you are very apt to addle his brains, and to make a little prig or pedant of him, incapable, from self-conceit, of much further progress afterwards. Nor can any boy carry from school any great num-



ber of facts which will really be useful to him, when he comes in after life to make those branches of knowledge his special study, because they are all, but especially the physical sciences, progressive, and the best ascertained facts, as well as theories, of to-day, may be obsolete and discredited ten years hence. You find many earned men who have been great students and experimentalists, and even discoverers, in very early youth; but the number of facts worth remembering, which they accumulated in boyhood, always bears a very small proportion to what they have learnt after leaving school, and in early manhood."

"For these and similar reasons, he held that no physical science, nor even history nor literature, taught as separate branches of knowledge, could ever be efficient substitutes for classics and mathematics, at our public schools and universities, by way of mental training, to fit a boy to educate himself in after life: classics as forming style, and giving a man power to use his own language correctly in writing and speaking, and even in thinking; and mathematics as the best training for reasoning, and as a necessary foundation for the accurate study of physics and natural philosophy."

These remarks deserve the attention of all interested in education, as the testimony of one who spoke from his own experience of the system which formed men like Canning and himself. It is true that, as is usual with earnest protests against prevalent errors, especially when thrown out in conversation, they are one-sided; but they are on the side which needs in the present day vigorous and unwavering defence. Their one-sidedness consists in the implied assumption that the intellectual discipline given by classical and mathematical studies can only be secured by the neglect of physical knowledge. This is not the place to enter on the wide question, to which the discussions going on around us must give occasion to return. We have lately argued in favour of the introduction of physical science into our public schools; and we believe that time can be found for all that is needful in this way, provided only that such studies be put in their proper relation to those which train the mind in abstract reasoning, in the principles and use of language, and in familiarity with the creative minds and heroic deeds of other times—the

knowledge which places the individual man in contact with the life of humanity from the beginning of the world. This can only be done by giving the highest place—we stay not now to argue whether the first in order of time, nor in what proportion to other studies—to that knowledge of Antiquity, of which the key is found alone in the languages and literature of Rome, and, above all, of Greece.

It will be observed that Mr. Frere does not argue for *merely elementary knowledge*; but against "*cramping a school-boy's head with actual facts in history, or literature, or physical science, beyond what are merely elementary.*" His great principle is, that if intellectual power is cultivated, it will make its own acquisitions in after life—and make them equally from any field to which duty may direct, or to which natural genius may guide. And we venture to add, though some may deem it paradoxical, that the very absence of forced cultivation at school is often likely to give that natural genius freer scope. It has happened to us to contrast our own experience of recreation found from school-work in literature, science, and general knowledge, with the distaste for such pursuits in boys of the present generation, to whom all these things are school-work, and therefore repulsive out of school. The fruits of Eton training in Boys like Canning and Frere are to be seen in such a work as the "*Microcosm*;" not so much in its literary merit—high as that is—but in the self-acquired general knowledge to which its contents bear witness, and in the mental energy which prompted them to put forth their powers in such work at the critical age of seventeen or eighteen.

Of course Mr. Frere's very humiliating disclosure of Mr. Canning's awful ignorance of the fact that tadpoles turn to frogs will be made the most of, in defiance of his warning, "Now, don't you go and tell that story of Canning to the next fool you meet. Canning could rule, and did rule, a great and civilized nation; but in these days people are apt to fancy that any one who does not know the natural history of frogs must be imbecile in the treatment of men." We will venture to say, in passing, that such a knowledge of

the "Frogs" of Aristophanes as bore the fruit of Mr. Frere's translations, was of infinitely greater value to a statesman than a little fact of natural history which he could learn from anybody any day; but the two things have no necessary contrast. But there is another sort of self-instruction which we can imagine, because we see its results in the volumes before us. We can imagine two boys, of noble presence and with features lighted up by the flashes of genius, at the age when the fruits of early training begin to ripen, and when the mind yearning to be about its appointed business bursts the bonds of systems, whether good or bad, turning the one to its own profit and casting off the other:—we can imagine such boys walking in the meadows between the lordly pile of Windsor and the scholastic halls of Eton; and, heedless alike of the croaking of frogs or the wriggling of tadpoles, dis-coursing of what they should do to emulate the poets, heroes, and patriots, with whose words and deeds their daily studies had imbued their minds:—we can imagine them reading together or reciting the choice portions of our own literature stored in their memories by an admiration the more loving as such learning was no school-task:—and then from this happy union of the old and new, from spontaneous genius disciplined by the best examples, we see them prompted irresistibly to prune their own feathers for a first flight in the pages of the "Microcosm." Those pages furnish an ample answer to the silly assumption that a training in Greek and Latin leads to ignorance of, or indifference to, our own literature. In parts only of Frere's five papers, written at the age of seventeen or eighteen, we find—besides marks of a wide "general knowledge"—proofs of a familiar acquaintance with Chaucer, Gawain Douglas, and Caxton, with Spenser and Shakespeare, More and Bacon, Milton and Dryden, and (among the lesser lights) Blackmore and Osian; with Norse Sagas, Scotch and Irish antiquities, and North American Indians. And, what is infinitely better, we find a strange maturity of thought, and a perfect power of writing that English which had no special place in the writer's education. If we are told that all Eton boys are not Cannings and Freres, we have only to repeat that we are not now arguing the whole question of education, but presenting that side of it which is illustrated by men like Frere and Canning, and in a lesser degree by thousands who share their spirit, though falling short of their gifts. It may be inter-

esting to add that the "Microcosm" was published in forty weekly numbers, between the 6th of November, 1786, and the 30th of July, 1787, when, at the Long Vacation, its cessation was ingeniously explained by an account of the death-bed of its imaginary editor, "Mr. Gregory Griffin." Among the contributors was Robert ("Bobus") Smith (the brother of Sydney Smith), of whose powers we learn from Mr. Frere, as from other sources, that his school-fellows formed the highest opinion.

Frere's contributions to the "Microcosm" already indicated his great critical power; and about the same time he proved the poetic genius, which has placed him at the very head of English translators. Here too his knowledge of the brilliant fragments of the Greek lyric poets—of which the elegant imitations by Horace are but the shadow of a shade—prove how far his classical reading went beyond school routine. His exquisite "Lament of Danaë," from Simonides, is perhaps generally known; but his version of a fragment of Alcæus may be referred to as breathing the patriotism which thus early inspired his poetry.

The two friends were separated for a time, on leaving Eton; when Canning went to Oxford, and Mr. Frere to Caius College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. His Latin Essay, which gained the Members' Prize in 1792, is interesting for its clever speculations on a question to which eighty years have given such a brilliant answer—"An morum emendationem et virtutis cultum in nascenti Sinu Botanici republicâ sperari liceat"—and for the proofs it contains of the influence of Adam Smith, on whose opening of the road to Free Trade the young Tory pronounces a warm eulogy. On leaving the University in 1795, Mr. Frere entered public life in the Foreign Office under Lord Grenville, and in the following year he was returned to Parliament, as a member for the close borough of West Looe in Cornwall. In our reformed House of Commons, a young man, situated as Mr. Frere was, can only hope to enter it by playing the demagogue and pandering to the tastes of some radical constituency. But, being independent, Mr. Frere was able to follow his honest convictions by supporting Mr. Pitt. "His attachment to Mr. Pitt," says his biographer, "was a much warmer personal feeling than that which the haughty character of his chief inspired in most of his political adherents; but it was discriminating and enduring; and when the genera-

tion of public men, to which they both belonged, had passed away from active political life, and the events, which had so passionately convulsed Europe in his youth, had become matters of history half a century old, Mr. Frere, who never lost any of his keen interest in the political events of the day, would still maintain that Pitt understood the spirit and force of the French Revolution, as well as the genius and wants of modern English political life, more clearly than any, either of his contemporaries or immediate successors in his own party, and was a greater and more far-seeing statesman than any of his rivals or opponents." Indeed the testimony borne in Mr. Frere's conversations to the principles and motives of Pitt is scarcely less important than what is said of Canning. He amply confirms what is now scarcely disputed, the extreme reluctance with which Pitt was drawn into the war of 1793; and he sets in the clearest light the great statesman's motives for leaving Mr. Addington to make the Peace of Amiens, reserving himself unfettered for the inevitable renewal of the war. But it is more interesting to learn how steadily Pitt kept in view, throughout the long struggle, the hope of resuming those great measures of financial and commercial reform which had been the glory of his administration from 1783 to 1788. How many who boast of the Commercial Treaty with France of 1860 think of that of 1787? It was as the man likely to carry on this very work that Pitt designated Canning to be his political heir; and it is high time to proclaim the fact, that the work was actually resumed after the war by Mr. Huskisson in the Tory Government of the Duke of Wellington.

"I feel inclined," said Mr. Frere, in 1844, "to be angry sometimes when I hear what I know were some of Pitt's early schemes, which he, and Canning after him, hoped to carry out whenever they had an opportunity, spoken of by the Whigs as if they were the rightful inheritance of the Whig party, and as if every one else who took them up was poaching on Whig preserves." . . . "I see very little in the real Reforms of late years which Pitt would not have anticipated, had time and opportunity permitted; and he is often most unjustly judged because he couldn't tell people why he was obliged to postpone his own convictions to the exigencies of the day, or to the opposition of a master like George III., or of some colleague who, in other respects, was indispensable."

His account of the relations between Pitt, the King, and the Old Tories is very interesting. In answer to a question,

whether George III. had not a great personal regard for Pitt, he said,

"Litterly he had, but certainly not at first. It was a choice between him and Fox, and the King inclined to Pitt as the less obnoxious of the two. Pitt's name was best known, in his early days, as an advocate for Parliamentary reform. I remember when I was a boy hearing two High Tories of the old school, at my father's house, talking about Pitt when he first became Prime Minister; they said: 'He is a thorn in our side; but one must sometimes stick to a bramble to save one from a fall into something worse.' The old Tories at first had very little confidence in him. I recollect they were all in great delight, when the Church at Wimbledon, where Pitt lived, was to be repaired, because he sent a hundred pounds, as his subscription, with a request 'that it might be laid out on the steeple, in order that the church might not look like a meeting-house.' The old Tories began then to think that there was really some hope of him after that!"

Mr. Frere repelled with warmth the charge of Pitt's supposed frigidity of disposition.

"No one who really knew Pitt intimately would have called him cold. A man who is Prime Minister at twenty-six cannot carry his heart on his sleeve and be 'Hail, fellow! well met' with every Jack, Tom, and Harry. Pitt's manner by nature, as well as by habit and necessity, was in public always dignified, reserved, and imperious; but he had very warm feelings, and, had it not been for the obligations of the official position, which lay on him almost throughout his whole life, I believe he might have had nearly as many personal friends as Fox."

On Mr. Frere's settling in London his intercourse with Canning was renewed on the intimate footing of their school-boy days at Eton. Some severe strictures have been passed upon Canning for entering public life under Pitt, as if he had been guilty of an unworthy change of principle; but Mr. Frere remarked when the conversation once turned upon this subject:—

"Nothing was more natural or less needing explanation than Canning's early adhesion to Pitt. As schoolboys, while I was, by association, a Tory, and, by inclination, a Pittite, Canning, by family connexion and association, was a Whig, or rather a Foxite. This was, I believe, almost the only point on which our boyish opinions in those days very materially differed; but it did not prevent our being great friends, and I am sure that a young man of Canning's views and feelings, entering Parliament at such a time, could not long have been kept in opposition to Pitt. Canning's uncle and guardian was a Whig, and at his house

Canning met most of the leaders of the Whigs, and they were not slow in recognizing his ability, and tried to attach him to their party. It showed Canning's sagacity as well as his high spirit and confidence in himself that he determined to take his own line, and judge for himself. When I went to see him at Oxford he showed me a letter he had received from Mrs. C——, whose husband was a great Whig leader. It enclosed a note from the Duke of Portland, offering to bring Canning into Parliament. The offer was a very tempting one to so young a man. But Canning refused it, and he told me his reason. "I think," he said, "there must be a split. The Duke will go over to Pitt, and I will go over in no man's train. If I join Pitt, I will go by myself."

Canning afterwards came into Parliament for one of what were called "Bob Smith's boroughs." Dundas used often to sup with Pitt, after the House rose, and one night took Canning with him. On the next morning Canning came to Frere, before he was out of bed, and, after telling him where he had been supping the night before, added "I am quite sure I have them both;" and "I do not wonder at it," remarked Mr. Frere, "for with his humour and fancy it was impossible to resist him." The intimacy thus formed soon ripened into friendship. Canning's love for Pitt was quite filial, and Pitt's feeling for him was more that of a father than a mere political leader."

"Some years after," says Mr. Frere, "when Canning was going to be married, Pitt felt as keenly about the affair as if Pitt had nothing else to think of, and Canning had been his only child. It was a good match for Canning in a worldly point of view, for his own fortune was not adequate to the political position Pitt would have liked him to hold. Pitt not only took a personal interest in the match himself, but he made old Dundas think almost as much about it, as if it had been some important party combination."

In connection with this marriage Mr. Frere related the following anecdote:—

"I was to be best man, and Pitt, Canning, and Mr. Leigh, who was to read the service, dined with me before the marriage, which was to take place in Brook-street. We had a coach to drive there, and as we went through that narrow part, near what was then Swallow-street, a fellow drew up against the wall, to avoid being run over, and peering into the coach, recognized Pitt, and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite to him. The fellow exclaimed, "What, Billy Pitt! and with a parson too!" I said, "He thinks you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately," which was rather impudent of me; but Pitt was too much absorbed, I believe, in thinking

of the marriage, to be angry. After the ceremony, he was so nervous that he could not sign as witness, and Canning whispered to me to sign without waiting for him."

In 1797 Mr. Frere joined Mr. Canning, George Ellis and others of the younger members of their party in bringing out the "Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner." The first number appeared on the 20th of November, with a notice that it would be "continued every Monday during the sitting of Parliament," and the last number was issued at the close of the Session on the 9th of July, 1798. It was edited by Gifford; among the contributors were Mr. Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool) and Lord Mornington (Marquess Wellesley); and Mr. Pitt himself is said to have attended one of the meetings of the editors, and to have written a paper on Finance in one of the early numbers. For the first plan of the publication was serious; but the current of events and public feeling bore the three chief writers irresistibly into the direction fittest for their genius.

The "Anti-Jacobin" has suffered the fate of many a famous work, which is talked about without being known, and criticized apart from the circumstances which gave it birth and character. People are content to laugh over some of its most hackneyed pieces with ever fresh amusement, or to shake their heads with the grave superiority of professional critics, and pronounce the catch-words—"mere parody"—"no original thoughts"—"*Punch* as good every week." But the "Anti-Jacobin" is neither to be judged by scraps, nor from the point of view of 1872 instead of 1798. The whole (for we may leave the lesser contributors out of sight) is the harmonious work of three ardent minds, working with a definite purpose, and on a joint plan, which made it difficult in later years to distinguish their separate shares in several of the pieces. And the purpose and style of the work arose naturally out of the political crisis of that time. It was 1797-8, not 1789-90. The first enthusiasm which had greeted the bold stroke of the French people for freedom, had quickly yielded to the eloquence of Burke, and the more resistless torrent of the events which whelmed France in anarchy and plunged England into war. The course of that war had united the British nation in a struggle of patriotism; and the minority were, with very little discrimination, suspected or detested as sympathizers or accomplices in the great Republican propaganda against

the throne and altar, against the peace of all nations and especially of England. It was a moment when the threats of the Directory were most insulting, and the machinations of the Corresponding Societies most active; when Hoche was proclaiming to the army of invasion "England is the richest country in the world—and we give it up to you to be plundered;" when the Bank had suspended cash payments, and the glory of St. Vincent had been eclipsed by the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore; and when Ireland was on the verge of open rebellion. Burke had just died, after protesting against all compromise in his "Letters on a Regicide Peace;" and the Opposition leaders had seceded from Parliament after the loss of Mr. Grey's Reform Bill. The contest of serious argument was suspended for the time; and the English people were in no humour—as happily they seldom are—to regard the preaching of republicanism as anything short of an attempt to disturb the very centre of gravity on which our whole constitution has been deliberately poised. The young champions, who offered themselves eagerly for the cause of loyalty and patriotism, viewed the republican minority as a hydra, whose heads, though severed by the keen edge of argument and eloquence, kept springing up afresh; and they betook themselves to cauterize the enemy's life-blood with the burning-irons of ridicule and sarcasm. This was the way to secure a hearing and to win the sympathy of the people; as was already proved by the caricatures of Gillray, now at the height of his success. If ridicule is not the test of truth, it is the detector of humbug—a critical re-agent for separating unseen error and precipitating it in its real colours.

The writers who were roughly classed as Jacobins—with what justice or discrimination it is now superfluous to discuss—themselves suggested the direction of the attack by the puerile theories and sickly sentimentalisms which they uttered in such outlandish guise as Southey's *Dactyls* and *Sapphics* and those uncouth *Hexameters*, which Byron characterized in words applicable to all similar imitations,—

"He stuck fast in the first Hexameter  
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir."

Here we must observe, in passing, that the ludicrous swing of the so-called *Sapphics* of the famous "Needy Knife-grinder" (the joint production of Canning and Frere) was purposely adopted from "the

absurdity of the metre" in Southey's original:—

"Cold was the night wind; drifting fast the  
snows fell;  
Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked:  
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,  
Weary and way-sore."

Were ever lines more provocative of parody?\*

The poetry of the "Anti-Jacobin" is not truly described as "mere parody." It is far more than an empty echo of the original, more than an amusing travesty, written for sound or for fun: it gives another version of the sense—or of the lurking nonsense—and that with a set and serious purpose. It is ridicule as well as parody, in the true spirit of the Aristophanic comedy. Its classic tone and allusions appealed to the educated classes, in whose hands the government then was; and its very want of adaptation to an age of household suffrage and penny papers is a testimony to its power at its own time. Of the very first poem—one of those which would perhaps find least sympathy in the present day—Sir Bartle Frere observes:—

"The shafts of ridicule told with still greater effect on the more impressible classes, and helped to keep in the ministerial fold many a young literary adventurer or sober dissenter, whose poetical or religious feelings might have been touched by such appeals as Southey's visions of a millennial reign of liberty, or by his description of the beauties of nature, from enjoying which the regicide was debarred."

The final test of merit is the fact that many of these imitations have surpassed and survived the originals, as Sir George Cornwall Lewis observed of the admirable satire on Erasmus Darwin's poems in the "Loves of the Triangles" by Canning and Frere. Those who read the poem for

\* It is surely high time that our schools dropped the "absurd" perversion which is but a corruption of the rhythm of Horace's least happy imitations. Of the true rhythm of the noble Sapphic *Hymn* we offer a faint but fairly exact rendering:—

"Throned in splendour, life-giving Aphrodita,  
Child of Jove, thou weaver of wiles, I pray thee,  
Not with anguish, nor with distress, to conquer,  
Lady, my spirit."

The places of the *stronger* and *weaker* accents may be open to some doubt. As an example of Horace's better form, we may take

*Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis.*



themselves may judge whether some passages have not the merit of anticipating modern Darwinism and other cosmogonic theories. Meanwhile we may call attention to a note in which an explanation is given of "the genesis or original formation of space itself, in the same manner in which Dr. Darwin has traced the whole of the organized creation to his SIX FILAMENTS." The writers add:—

"SPACE being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable NIDUS, or receptacle for the generation of CHAOTIC MATTER, an immense deposit of it would gradually be accumulated; after which, the FILAMENT of fire being produced in the chaotic mass, by an *idiosyncrasy*, or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, *explosion* would take place; *sun*s would be shot from the central chaos; *planets* from *sun*s; and *satellites* from *planets*. In this state of things the FILAMENT of organization would begin to exert itself in those independent masses which, in proportion to their bulk, exposed the greatest surface to the action of *light* and *heat*. This FILAMENT, after an infinite series of ages, would begin to *ramify*, and its viviparous offspring would diversify their forms and habits, so as to accommodate themselves to the various *incunabula* which Nature had prepared for them. Upon this view of things it seems highly probable that the first effort of Nature terminated in the production of VEGETABLES, and that these being abandoned to their own *energies*, by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings or feet, according as their different propensities determined them in favour of aerial or terrestrial existence. Others, by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of *volition*, would become MEN. These, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their *hind feet*: their *tails* would gradually rub off, by sitting in their caves or huts as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state; they would invent *language* and the use of *fire*, with our present and hitherto, imperfect system of *society*. In the meanwhile, the *Fuci* and *Alga*, with the *Corallines* and *Madrepores*, would transform themselves into *fish*, and would gradually populate all the submarine portion of the globe."

The concluding description of the advent of the guillotine and the execution of Pitt is in the finest vein of mock-heroic poetry:—

"Ye Sylphs of DEATH! on demon pinions flit  
Where the tall *Guillotine* is raised for PITT:  
To the poised plank tie fast the monster's back,  
Close the nice slider, ope the expectant sack;  
Then twitch, with fairy hands, the frolic pin—  
Down falls the impatient axe with deafening din;  
The liberated head rolls off below,  
And sinpering FREEDOM hails the happy blow!"

Not less admirable is the description of the young Jacobins, who find their counterpart in the young Republicans of the present day:—

"Tell of what wood young JACOBINS are made,  
How the skill'd gardener grafts with nicest rule  
The *slip* of coxcomb on the *stock* of fool—  
Forth in bright blossom bursts the tender sprig,  
A thing to wonder at, perhaps a *Whig*:  
Should tell, how wise each new-fledged pedant prates  
Of weightiest matters, grave distractions states—  
How rules of policy, and public good,  
In Saxon times were rightly understood;  
That kings are proper, *may* be useful things,  
But then, some gentlemen object to kings;  
How in all times the minister's to blame;  
How British liberty's an empty name;  
Till each fair burgh, numerically free,  
Shall choose its members by the *Rule of Three*."

German mysticism and enthusiasm come in for their share of ridicule in "The Robbers," an admirable parody of Schiller's "Robbers," which, we repeat, can only be judged of as a whole. It was the joint production of Canning, Frere, and Ellis. Canning's inimitable dungeon-song of Rogero, ending—

"Sun, moon, and thou vain world adieu,  
That kings and priests are plotting in:  
Here doomed to starve on water gruel,  
never shall I see the University of Gottingen—  
University of Gottingen—"

is probably familiar to our readers; and to Frere belongs the merit of the well-known scene between Matilda and Cecilia:—

"*Mat.* Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

*Cec.* The way was dusty, madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated through my soul.

*Mat. (aside).* Thank Heaven! I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own—(*To Cecilia*)—Yes, I understand you—the first pulsation of sentiment—the silver tones upon the yet unsounded harp. . . .

*Cec.* The dawn of life—when this blossom—(*putting her hand upon her heart*) first expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of love!

*Mat.* Yes—the time—the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another!—The blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum! . . .



*Cec.* Your countenance grows animated, my dear madam.

*Mat.* And yours too is glowing with illumination.

*Cec.* I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit! — my heart was withered — but the beams of yours have re-kindled it.

*Mat.* A sudden thought strikes me — Let us swear an eternal friendship.

*Cec.* Let us agree to live together!

*Mat.* (with rapidity and earnestness). Willingly.

*Cec.* Let us embrace. [They embrace.]

Frere also was the sole author of the imaginary reports of the "Meetings of the Friends of Freedom," in which the speeches of Fox, Erskine, and the other great opposition orators are parodied with inimitable felicity. Nothing can surpass the flavour of the imitation of Erskine: —

"Mr. **ERSKINE** concluded by recapitulating, in a strain of agonizing and impressive eloquence, the several more prominent heads of his speech: — He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at Winchester School — he had been called by special retainers during the summer into many different and distant parts of the country — travelling chiefly in post-chaises. He felt himself called upon to declare that his poor faculties were at the service of his country — of the free and enlightened part of it at least. — He stood here as a man. — He stood in the eye, indeed, in the hand of God — to whom (in the presence of the company and waiters) he solemnly appealed. — He was of noble, perhaps royal blood — he had a house at Hampstead — was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical Reform — his pamphlets had gone through thirty editions — skipping alternately the odd and even numbers — he loved the Constitution, to which he would cling and grapple — and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature — he would apply to the present French rulers (particularly **BARRAS** and **REWBELL**) the words of the poet: —

'Be to their faults a little blind,  
Be to their virtues very kind,  
Let all their ways be unconfin'd  
And clap the palloek on their mind!'

And for these reasons, thanking the gentlemen who had done him the honour to drink his health he should propose '**MERLIN, the late Minister of Justice and Trial by Jury!**'"

The "*Progress of Man*," is a satire upon "Free Love": —

"Learn hence, each Nymph, whose free aspiring mind

Europe's cold laws, and colder customs bind —  
O! learn, what Nature's genial laws decree —

What Otaheite is, let Britain be!

Of WHIST or CRIBBAGE mark th' amusing game —

The PARTNERS changing, but the sport the same.

Else would the gamester's anxious ardour cool,

Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.

Yet must one move, with one unceasing Wife,  
Play the LONG RUBBER of connubial life."

The "*New Morality*," of which we have still many missionaries and preachers, comes in for its share of ridicule: —

"First, stern **PHILANTHROPY**: not she who dries  
The orphan's tears, and wipes the widow's eyes;

Not she who, sainted Charity her guide,  
Of British bounty pours the annual tide: —  
But French Philanthropy; — whose boundless mind

Glow with the general love of all mankind; —

Philanthropy, — beneath whose baneful sway  
Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away."

Next comes a gentler virtue, — "Sweet Sensibility,": —

"Taught her to mete by rules her feelings strong,

False by degrees, and delicately wrong;  
For the crushed beetle first, — the widowed dove,

And all the warbled sorrows of the grove;  
Next for poor suffering guilt; and last of all,

For parents, friends, a king and country's fall."

The same poem contains Canning's celebrated panegyric on Burke: —

"O large of soul, of genius unconfin'd,  
Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind —

BURKE! in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd:

Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness flow'd;

Well hast thou found (if such thy country's doom)

A timely refuge in the sheltering tomb!"

We cannot find space for the amusing account of the mission of the Savans to the East (in allusion to the French expedition to Egypt), and must conclude our quotations with the list of passengers on board the "*Navis Stultifera*," who were secretly "withdrawn from the British public without being so much as missed or inquired after": —

"There was **SHUCKBOROUGH**, the wonderful mathematician; —

And **DARWIN**, the poet, the sage, and physician;

There was BEDDOES, and BRUIN, and GODWIN,  
whose trust is  
He may part with his work on *Political*  
*Justice*

To some Iman or Bonze, or Judaical Rabbini;  
So with huge quarto volumes he piles up the  
cabin.

There was great DR. PARR, whom we style  
*Bellendenus*,

The Doctor and I have a hammock between  
us —

Tho' 'tis rather unpleasant thus crowding to-  
gether,

On account of the motion and heat of the  
weather."

As to the cessation of the "Anti-Jacobin"  
we are told : —

"It has been asserted that the publication  
was at last discontinued at Pitt's direct instance,  
from an apprehension not, under the circum-  
stances, at all unreasonable, that the satirical  
spirit to which so much of the success of the  
Anti-Jacobin was due, might in the long run  
prove a less manageable and discriminating ally  
than a party leader would desire."

In fact the work was, from its very na-  
ture, strictly occasional, and would have  
lost all point and savour by an attempt to  
prolong it; for its one definite purpose  
distinguishes it completely from the comic  
periodicals of our day. We have abstained  
from discussing the justice of the satire  
of the "Anti-Jacobin," as a question now  
out of date; nor indeed ought the spirit of  
satire and caricature to be tested by the  
laws of solemn controversy. But this  
much may be said, that its weapons were  
as polished as they were keen, and its sar-  
casm never degenerated into spite. It is  
pleasant to know that Frere lived to be  
the warm and kind friend of Southey and  
Coleridge.

The cessation of the "Anti-Jacobin"  
marks the end of the first of the three pe-  
riods into which Mr. Frere's life was clearly  
divided. On the second period of his  
political and diplomatic service it is not  
our purpose here to dwell. In 1799 he  
succeeded Canning, who was removed  
to the Board of Trade, as Under-Secretary  
of State in the Foreign Office. Like  
his friend in the celebrated poetical  
despatch about the Dutch Customs, Frere  
relieved the dryness of official work by at  
least one poetical epistle. Being ordered  
by Lord Grenville to direct Lord Minto to  
refund an unauthorized payment by Mr.  
Stratton for a snuff-box, which had been  
presented by the British Ambassador to  
some foreign diplomatist in violation of  
the Treasury Regulations he conveyed the  
reproof in the following lines : —

#### "DRAFT TO LORD MINTO.

My Lord, when I open'd your letter,  
I confess I was perfectly stunn'd;  
But I find myself now something better,  
Since I'm ordered to bid you *refund*.

'Tis a very bad scrape you've got into,  
Which your friends must all wish you had  
shunn'd

Says Lord Grenville, 'Prepare to Lord Minto  
Despatches to bid him *refund*.'

Mr. Hammond, who smiles at your cunning,  
On the subject amusingly punn'd;  
Says he, 'They're so proud of their funning,  
'Twill be pleasant to see them *refunn'd*.'

As for Stratton, he ought for his sin, to  
Be sent to some wild Sunderbund.  
But we'll pardon him still, if Lord Minto  
Will instantly make him *refund*.

Believe me, I don't mean to hurt you,  
But if you'd avoid being dunn'd,  
Of necessity making a virtue,  
With the best grace you can, you'll *refund*.

Let the Snuff-box belong to Lord Minto;  
But as for the five hundred *pund*,\*  
I'll be judged by Almeida or Pinto,  
If his Chancery must not *refund*.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

There are letters from India which mention,  
Occurrences at Roh-il-cund;  
But I'll not distract your attention,  
Lest I make you forget to *refund*.

Lord Carlisle's new play is the Story  
Of Tancred, and fair Sigismund,  
Our last news is the taking of Gorée,  
But our best is, that you must *refund*."

Space compels us reluctantly to abstain  
from citing examples of his affectionate  
spirit and irrepressible humour in the fa-  
miliar letters of this period.

In 1800 he was appointed Envoy Extra-  
ordinary and Plenipotentiary to Portugal,  
and in the following year was transferred to  
Spain, where he remained as Minister nearly  
two years. He was again sent to Spain in  
the same capacity in 1808, but was recalled  
in the following year, upon the failure of  
Sir John Moore's expedition. A great  
clamour was raised against the Envoy in  
England, and upon him the public and the  
press attempted to throw a share of the  
discredit attending the disastrous issue of  
our first Peninsular campaign. His bio-  
grapher vindicates at some length Mr.  
Frere's conduct throughout these transac-  
tions, but it would be foreign to our pre-  
sent purpose to enter into a discussion of

\* Scotch pro "pound." — J. H. F.

this subject. Suffice it to say that Mr. Frere and his friends felt that he had been unjustly treated; and accordingly, when it was proposed to send him as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, and, twice in after years to raise him to the peerage, he declined both offers.

The third period of Mr. Frere's life, from 1809 to his death, was spent in the enjoyment of his taste for literature, and in the dignified social pleasures, of which he was the life and centre. On his return to England he took up his residence at his country-house at Roydon, his father having died in 1807. A letter written by a lady who was staying at Roydon in 1813 describes him as "a very odd creature, but very good and very entertaining;" getting up early in the morning to teach two little nephews grammar, taking one still smaller a walk during which he completed teaching him his letters, and "spending an hour after dinner in reading to them the ballad of William of Clouesley, which delighted them very much." But "his favourite pursuits and early friendships all conspired to draw him to the capital. In London society his polished wit and playful fancy — his varied learning and great power of conversation, joined to the easy courtesy of a travelled English gentleman of the old school, made him everywhere a welcome guest." He was, in fact, one of the most popular men in the brilliant literary society of that period. But he, or rather the future generations whom he might have amused and instructed, paid the penalty of this elegant social life.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Frere wrote so little. His extreme fastidiousness and, we fear we must add, his constitutional indolence, disinclined him to the labour of the pen, and, as his biographer observes: —

"The most characteristic and valuable results of his reading and thinking were lost in every day use; what little remains owes its preservation to contemporary friends, and the care of their biographers, who have noted a few of the sayings and anecdotes which survived in the memory of his companions long after Mr. Frere had ceased to be among them. Such are the anecdotes preserved by Moore.

"At one time he is pleased with Frere's comparison of O'Connell's eloquence to the 'aerial potato,' described by Darwin in his *Phytologia* and with his severe criticism on *Esquiline* verses, 'The muses and graces will just make a jury.' Another time he refers to 'Frere's beautiful saying that "next to an old friend, the best thing is an old enemy,"' and again he relates how 'Madame de ——— having said in her intense style, "I should like to be married in Eng-

lish, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," some one asked Frere "What language, I wonder was she married in?" "*Broken English*, I suppose," answered Frere."

"A saying attributed to him, that he loved Spain 'as a country in which God had so much land in his own holding,' has the true tone of his humour about it."\*

Judging by his existing remains, in prose and verse, he would have excelled in almost any species of composition. He took part, as we have already said, in the foundation of this Review; and Sir Walter Scott, in his long and interesting letter to Mr. Gifford in 1808, discussing the prospects of the new periodical, and the persons whom they might secure as contributors, writes — "In Mr. Frere we have the hopes of a potent ally." But, though he took a warm interest in the success of the Review, he wrote only one article in it, — a critique of Mitchell's *Translations of Aristophanes*, which appeared in 1820,† and of which we have to speak presently. On other occasions Scott bore the warmest testimony to Frere's powers. One of Frere's earliest literary efforts was a "Metrical Version of an Ode on Athelstan's Victory," originally published in Ellis's "Specimens of Ancient English Poetry." Scott, writing in 1830, says that this is the only poem he has met with in his researches into these matters "which, if it had been produced as ancient, could not have been detected on internal evidence." It was written by Frere, when an Eton schoolboy, during the controversy occasioned by the poems attributed to Rowley, and was intended as an imitation of the style and language of the fourteenth century. At an earlier period, Scott had expressed the same opinion in a letter to Ellis (1804): — "Frere is so perfect a master of the ancient style of composition, that I would rather have his suffrage than that of a whole synod of your vulgar antiquaries."‡ In another letter to Ellis (1806) having subsequently made the acquaintance of Frere, he says: — "I met with your friend, Mr. Canning, in town, and claimed his acquaintance as a friend of yours, and had my claim allowed; also Mr. Frere, — both delightful companions, far too good for politics, and for winning and losing places. When I say I was more pleased with their society than I thought

\* Sir H. Holland's "Recollections of Past Life," p. 273.

† See "Quarterly Review," vol. xxiii. p. 474 seq.

‡ Lockhart's "Life of Scott," vol. ii. p. 207, Ed. 1809.

had been possible on so short an acquaintance, I pay them a very trifling compliment, and myself a very great one."\*

In 1808 Southey writes to Scott: "I saw Frere in London, and he has promised to let me print his translations from the 'Poema del Cid.' They are admirably done. Indeed I never saw anything so difficult to do, and done so excellently, except your supplement to Sir Tristrem." Some of these translations appeared in Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid," and deserve all the praise which Southey bestowed upon them; but others are now printed for the first time by his nephews. A specimen of them will be given further on.

As an original poet, Mr. Frere is best known by his "Monks and Giants," which bore the pseudonym of Whistlecraft as its author. The first part was published by Mr. Murray in 1817 as the "prospectus and specimen of an intended national work by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, harness and collar makers, intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." A second part appeared along with the first in the following year, with the title of the "Monks and Giants." In the subject of the poem Mr. Frere anticipated Mr. Tennyson's *Idylls*, but the metre he adopted, and his mode of treatment of the subject were very different.

"In this *jeu d'esprit*," observes his biographer, "Mr. Frere introduced into English poetry the octave stanza of Pulci, Berni, and Casti, which has since been completely naturalized in our tongue. Men of letters were not slow to recognize the service thus rendered to English literature; and Italian scholars, especially, were delighted to see one of the most beautiful of their favourite metres successfully adopted in a language so different from the dialect in which it was first used. Its value was immediately recognized by Byron. He wrote to Murray, from Venice, in October, 1817, announcing 'Beppo,' and said, 'I have written a poem of eighty-four octave stanzas, humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Whistlecraft (whom I take to be Frere).' And ten days later, 'Mr. Whistlecraft has no greater admirer than myself. I have written a story in eighty-nine stanzas, in imitation of him, called 'Beppo.'" A few months later (March 26th, 1818) again writing to Murray of 'Beppo,' he says, 'The style is not English, it is Italian: — Berni is the original of *all*; Whistlecraft was my immediate model.'

"Mr. William Stewart Rose, himself one of

the most elegant Italian scholars of the past generation, addressed Mr. Frere two years afterwards as —

'O thou that hast revived in magic rhyme  
That lubber race, and turn'd them out, to turney  
And love after their way; in after time  
To be acknowledged for our British Berni;  
Oh send thy giants forth to good men's feasts,  
Keep them not close.' "

The humour and versification as well as the poetical beauty of many passages were appreciated by men of taste and letters, but the poem never achieved the popularity that might have been expected. As the work is now almost forgotten, we subjoin one extract, which will convey some idea of its style, and probably induce our readers to turn to the poem itself. The cause of the quarrel between the monks and the giants is thus described: —

"In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,  
But not in castles or in courts alone;  
She breathed a wish, throughout those sacred cells,  
For bells of larger size, and louder tone;  
Giants abominate the sound of bells,  
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown,  
The tinkling and the jingling, and the clangour,  
Roused their irrational gigantic anger.

"Unhappy mortals! ever blind to fate!  
Unhappy Monks! you see no danger nigh;  
Exulting in their sound and size and weight,  
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply:  
The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,  
Your spirits with the ropes and pulleys fly;  
Tired, but transported, panting, pulling,  
hauling,  
Ramping and stamping, overjoy'd and bawling.

"Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surrounded  
The silent valley where the convent lay,  
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded,  
When the first peal burst forth at break of day:  
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,  
They scarce knew what to think, or what to say;  
And (though large mountains commonly conceal  
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

"Yet) Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne  
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation  
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,  
Thundering his deep surprise and indignation;  
The lesser hills, in language of their own,  
Discussed the topic by reverberation;

\* Lockhart's "Life of Scott," vol. ii., p. 312.

Discouraging with their echoes all day long,  
Their only conversation was 'ding-dong.'

"Those giant-mountains inwardly were moved,  
But never made an outward change of place:

Not so the mountain-giants — (as behoved  
A more alert and locomotive race),

Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,  
They ran straight forward to besiege the place

With a discordant universal yell,  
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell."

Mr. Frere's reasons for not continuing the work, which he had promised to do, were given by him at a later period (1844) in conversation with a friend.

" 'You cannot go on joking with people who won't be joked with. Most people who read it at the time it was published, would not take the work in any merely humorous sense; they would imagine that it was some political satire, and went on hunting for a political meaning; so I thought it was no use offering my jokes to people who would not understand them. Even Mackintosh once said to me "Mr. Frere, I have had the pleasure of reading your 'Monks and Giants' twice over" — and then he paused; I saw what was in his mind, and could not help replying with a very mysterious look, "And you could not discover its political meaning?" Mackintosh said, "Well, indeed, I could not make out the allegory;" to which I answered, still looking very mysterious, "Well, I thought you would not." ' "

In connection with this poem, Sir Bartle relates an amusing anecdote illustrative of his uncle's frequent absence of mind, of which his friends told many stories. Mr. Frere was married in September, 1816, to the Dowager Countess of Erroll, and on his marriage day called upon Mr. Murray to propose the publication of his "Monks and Giants."

"It is related that the late Mr. John Murray having for once relaxed his usual rule never to ask an author to read or recite in the sanctum in Albemarle Street, got so interested in some verses which Mr. Frere was repeating and commenting on, that his dinner hour was at hand. He asked Mr. Frere to dine with him, and continue the discussion; but the latter, startled to find it was so late, excused himself on the plea that 'he had been married that morning, and had already overstayed the time when he promised Lady Erroll to be ready for their journey into the country.' "

Another story of his absence of mind rests on the authority of Lady Erroll herself: —

"Mr. Frere had just been introduced to her at an evening party, and offered to hand her

down stairs and procure some refreshment; but getting much interested in conversation by the way, became so engrossed in the train of thought he was pursuing, that he drank himself a glass of negus that he had procured for her, and then offered his arm to help her upstairs without any idea of their not having achieved the errand on which they came; and was only reminded of his mistake by her laughing remonstrance with him on his forgetfulness of her existence. 'This,' she added, 'convinced me that my new acquaintance was, at any rate, very different from most of the young men around us! ' "

Mr. Frere settled at Malta in 1821 in consequence of the failing health of Lady Erroll, and there he passed the remaining twenty-five years of his life. As in the first stage of his life he was a type of the best style of youth trained by an English public school, so in this third stage he may be viewed as representing the happy and graceful leisure of the finished English gentleman, diffusing "light and sweetness" among his friends, and producing work the more perfect and precious as it was done to satisfy his own refined taste, not for fame or money. Visitors to his elegant retreat bear witness to the vast extent and variety of the knowledge which he was constantly improving. We find him at one time "immersed in Hebrew," at another writing to England for profound theological works, and again throwing out subtle criticisms on the traces of Phœnician civilization in the islands of the Mediterranean.

His chief anxiety was the failing health of his wife, whom he tended with the most affectionate care. In 1825 he paid a short visit to England. On this occasion we are told that, while staying with his brother, he "took his night's rest chiefly by sleeping early in the evening, from seven till eleven, and that then he awoke, and entertained his brother and nieces by repeating verses which he had translated or composed, till two o'clock in the morning, which did not prevent his rising early next day."

The unexpected death of Canning, in 1827, affected him deeply. "The depth of his unselfish fraternal affection for Mr. Canning was apparent even to comparative strangers whenever, during the many years for which he survived his friend, Canning's name was mentioned." He naturally resented the conduct of the Tories, who deserted Canning upon the formation of his Government, and thus hastened his death. He attributed this desertion to their feeling of jealousy of Canning's great ability.



"It was the same kind of feeling," said Mr. Frere, "with which Pitt often had to contend. I remember old W——, the father of the present old Lord, a fine specimen of a thorough-going old country Tory, coming to call on my father to tell him that Pitt was out of office, and that Addington had formed a Ministry. He went through all the members of the new Cabinet, and rubbing his hands at the end, with an evident sense of relief, said, 'Well, thank God, we have at last got a Ministry without one of those confounded men of genius in it.'"

The death of his dearest friend was followed a few years afterwards by that of his wife (1831), which was a terrible blow to him. He tried to find distraction from his grief in literary pursuits, and especially by prosecuting with renewed diligence his translations of Aristophanes, which now formed his chief occupation, and of which we shall speak more at length presently. In November of the same year he had the melancholy pleasure of welcoming to Malta his old friend Sir Walter Scott, who had had a paralytic seizure in the preceding April.

Mrs. Davy, who has left us some interesting memorials of Scott's stay in that island, says:—"On joining us in the drawing-room after dinner, Sir Walter was very animated, spoke much of Mr. Frere, and of his remarkable success, when quite a boy, in the translation of a Saxon ballad. This led him to ballads in general, and he gravely lamented his friend Mr. Frere's heresy is not esteeming highly enough that of 'Hardyknute.' He admitted that it was not a veritable old ballad, but 'just old enough,' and a noble imitation of the best style. In speaking of Mr. Frere's translations, he repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the 'Romances of the Cid,' and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest like a lance, to 'suit the action to the word.'"

The following is the passage in the poem of the "Cid" to which Scott alludes:—

"Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,

Their lances in the rest levell'd fair and low :  
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,

Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle bow.

The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,

'I am Roy Diaz, the Champion of Bivar;  
Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet mercy's sake!'

There where Bermuez fought, amidst the foe they brake,

Three hundred banner'd knights, it was a gallant show :

Three hundred Moors they kill'd, a man with every blow;

When they wheel'd and turn'd, as many more lay slain,

You might see them raise their lances and level them again.

There you might see the breastplates, how they were cleft in twain,

And many a Moorish shield lie shatter'd on the plain.

The pennons that were white mark'd with a crimson stain.

The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.

The Christians call upon Saint James, the Moors upon Mahound,

There were thirteen hundred of them slain on a little spot of ground."

In 1836 Mr. Frere made the acquaintance of Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Cornwall Lewis, who came to Malta as one of the Commissioners appointed by Lord Melbourne's Government to examine into the state of public affairs in the island. Although Mr. Lewis was then barely thirty, Mr. Frere formed the highest opinion of him. "Lewis," he said, "is one of the very few really learned Englishmen I have met with of late years, and his fairness is as remarkable as his learning. It is a great pity he is such a desperate Whig; but I think, if we could have kept him in Malta a little longer, we might have made a very decent Tory of him."

After Lady Erroll's death, many of his friends had hoped that he would have returned to England; but he seems to have acted wisely in making Malta his permanent home.

"If in Malta," observes his biographer, "he was cut off from the literary and political society of London, he would on the other hand, had he returned to England, have missed from the circle of his early associates most of the friends of his youth and manhood whose society he valued. In the perfect quiet and uninterrupted leisure of his life at Malta, he enjoyed, to an extent rarely attainable elsewhere, that intellectual communion with the great authors of other times and countries which has been so often described as the privilege and consolation of scholars in their old age; and he lived, among a simple and grateful people, a life of singular ease and dignity, rendered conspicuously useful by his large-hearted liberality and intelligent benevolence."

An interesting picture of his life at Malta is given by a friend, who stayed



some time with him during the later period of his life :—

"The customs of the house are luxurious. Nobody is visible before eleven or twelve, at which hours a sort of breakfast goes forward, which you may or may not attend. Before this, coffee is brought, if you wish, to your bedroom; and if you are disposed for an early walk, there is the garden with its pleasant alleys and trellised paths, or if you prefer the sea, it flows clear and bright before the very doors. Between eleven and seven people do what they please. Mr. Frere is reading or writing in his own apartment. At seven dinner goes forward. Covers are laid for a table full, and usually some privileged and pleasant guests drop in. The charm of the party is the master of the house, who, though infirm in body, is not materially injured in mind or memory, and receives all with a fine old-fashioned courtesy that puts all at their ease. Other visitors come in the evening, usually good talkers, and the conversation becomes general. Mr. Frere, however, sees few strangers. After coffee comes a drive in the cool evening, perhaps from ten to midnight or even later, when the air is delightful."

Sir Bartle Frere, who passed some weeks under his uncle's roof in 1834 and 1845, has preserved many of Mr. Frere's remarks upon politics, literature, and the current topics of the day. Take, for instance, his remarks on the danger of entrusting executive power to an assembly too exclusively composed of what are called "practical men." No warning is more needed in the present day than that uttered in the first sentence :—

"They are apt," he said "to undervalue or ignore the teachings of history, and always distrust any suggestion of that foresight which requires somewhat of the poetical faculty and imagination. If the "practical men" who were always inveighing against the war had had their way, Wellington would have been recalled, and Spain delivered over to France in 1810. The instinct of the English nation was right, as it often is, without knowing why; but comparatively few men, in or out of Parliament, really understood why it was certain that in the long run the Spaniards must succeed if they persevered, and why it was wise and safe for England to support them to the utmost. The greater part of the Whigs shut their eyes to the fact that the cause of the Spaniards was really the cause of national freedom and liberty. They were so charmed with the Revolution for destroying absolute monarchy, that they continued to worship it, after it had, as violent revolutions generally do, erected another and a worse tyranny."

With all his reverence for ancient uninterrupted usage, he had little sympathy with the revival of forms long obsolete.

"Commenting on some innovations in music and vestments which had troubled an Anglican congregation in the See of Gibraltar, he said in reply to the argument that the change was justified by the custom in Edward the Sixth's time, — 'But if I were to appear at church in the costume of Queen Elizabeth's time, would the clergyman consider it a sufficient justification for my disturbing the gravity of the congregation that I could prove the dress to be in strict accordance with the usages and sumptuary laws of three hundred years back?'"

Still less sympathy had he with the custom of discussing the gravest questions of theology as subjects of merely ordinary table-talk.

"He complained that he sometimes found it difficult to evade such discussion, or to turn the conversation. One very enthusiastic lady, who had repeatedly pressed him for his opinions on purgatory, declared, sitting next him at dinner, that she must know what he thought on the subject. 'I told her,' he said, 'that I really knew very little about it, except what I had learned from the church in the Floriana, which I pass on my way into Valetta. The church, you remember, is surrounded with groups of figures carved in stone, and rising out of stone flames, and I told her that, if the reality were at all like that, I was clearly of opinion that the flames were necessary for the decent clothing of the figures. After that she managed to talk about something else.'"

He took a very gloomy view of the political future.

"He viewed with alarm the growing tendency of statesmen of all parties to follow, instead of aspiring to lead and direct, public opinion — a tendency which he foresaw must often transfer the initiation of great measures from the wisest and best informed to those who were simply discontented with the existing order of things. He especially disliked the new name under which the broken ranks of the Tories had been rallied after the Reform Bill. 'Why do you talk of Conservatives?' he asked; 'a Conservative is only a Tory who is ashamed of himself.'"

Mr. Frere's chief literary occupation in Malta was, as we have already said, the translation of Aristophanes. He translated five plays in all :— "The Acharnians," "The Knights," "The Birds," "The Frogs," and "The Peace." They were printed at Malta for private circulation, and were scarcely known beyond a limited circle of friends till Sir George Cornwall Lewis published considerable extracts from them in the first volume of the "Classical Museum," in 1844, with a critical eulogy, which, coming from so distinguished a scholar and singularly cautious critic, pos-

sesses peculiar value. Like all other scholars, Sir George C. Lewis entertained the highest opinion of these versions, and expressed to us his desire a few months before his lamented death, to obtain the consent of the family to reprint them with the intention of prefixing to the publication a memoir of Mr. Frere's life. These translations are now for the first time accessible to the general public; and they will secure for Mr. Frere a permanent and unique place in English Literature. The close of an article — in which our object has been to make our readers acquainted with one of the best types of the scholar and gentleman of the last generation — is not the place to discuss the art of translation, nor the nature of the Aristophanic Comedy. As to the former, we must be content with a most emphatic protest against stigmatizing the successful translator for lack of originality. We need not dwell upon instances of the loving labour which poets of the highest original genius have spent upon translation; nor, on the other hand, upon the many cases in which their noblest utterances have been based on the thoughts of other men. Expression is quite as essential a part of poetry as invention; and it is a high triumph of the art so to transmute the utterances of another age and style of thought into the language of our own, as to make them such as the author might himself have written in our tongue, had he lived in our times. It is Mr. Frere's peculiar merit, not merely to have accomplished this — though it has scarcely been ever done so well, even by Chapman for Homer, or Fairfax for Tasso — nor to have accomplished it for the Greek Comedian of whom Sir George C. Lewis most truly says: —

“ ‘The reproduction of the comedies of Aristophanes in a modern language seems almost a hopeless task. The endless variety of his style and metres, the exuberance of his witty imagination, the richness and flexibility of the Attic language in which he wrote, and the perpetual byplay of allusions, often intimated more by a pun, a metaphor, or a strange new compound, to the statesmen, poets, political events and institutions, manners and domestic history of his times, appear to make it equally difficult to execute a poetical version which shall adhere to the letter or render the spirit of the original — ’ ”

but it is Mr. Frere's unique merit to have clearly apprehended and almost perfectly fulfilled those canons of translation, which he has expounded in the article (above noticed), in the “Quarterly Review,” which will be found reprinted in these volumes. With his own vivid power of style

and illustration, he discerns the opposite errors of the *Spirited Translators*, whose spirit and ability consist in “substituting a modern variety or peculiarity for an ancient one, to the utter confusion of all unity of time, place, and character,” — and the *Faithful Translators*, who preserve all the local colouring, style, and foreign costume of the original, often encumbered of necessity with tedious explanatory notes; while the true Translator reproduces both language and allusions in “those permanent forms which are connected with the universal and immutable habits of mankind,” and so makes them a possession of his own in every age.

We subjoin one or two extracts, in the hope of persuading our readers to make acquaintance with the translations for themselves, assuring those who are not scholars that they will obtain from them as vivid an idea of the Aristophanic wit, humour, and poetry as is possible to any one who does not read the original Greek.

Our first extract shall be from the commencement of the celebrated Parabasis of the “Birds.” We may observe that the poet's theory of cosmogony evidently suggested that of the “Anti-Jacobin;” and either may be not disadvantageously compared with some theories of later days.

“Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,  
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,  
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,  
Sickly calamitous creatures of clay!  
Attend to the words of the Sovereign Birds,  
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air)  
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,  
Your struggles of misery, labour, and care.  
Whence you may learn and clearly discern  
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;  
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,  
A profound speculation about the creation,  
And organical life, and chaotical strife,  
With various notions of heavenly motions,  
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,  
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,  
And stars in the sky. . . . We propose by-and-by,  
(If you'll listen and hear) to make it all clear.  
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,  
When his doubts are explain'd and expounded at once.

Before the creation of Æther and Light,  
Chaos and Night together were plighted,  
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedighted.

Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,  
Or solid or rare, or figure or form,  
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm:  
At length in the dreary chaotic closet  
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,  
By Night the primeval in secrecy laid —  
A mystical egg, that in silence and shade  
Was brooded and hatch'd, till time came  
about,

And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,  
In rapture and light exulting and bright,  
Sparkling and florid, with stars in his forehead,

His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,

As he rose in the air triumphantly furlish'd

To range his dominions on glittering pinions,

All golden and azure, and blooming and burnish'd;

He soon, in the murky Tartarean recesses,  
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery car-

resses  
Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatch'd  
To being and life, begotten and hatch'd  
The primitive Birds: but the Deities all,  
The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,  
Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth

More tamely combined, of a temperate kind;  
When chaotic mixture approach'd to a fix-  
ture.

Our antiquity proved, it remains to be shown

That Love is our author and master alone,  
Like him we can ramble, and gambol and fly

O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky:  
And all the world over, we're friends to the lover,

And when other means fail, we are found to prevail,

When a Peacock or Pheasant is sent as a present."

The only other extract, for which we can afford space, is a portion of the dialogue between Bacchus and the Chorus of Frogs, as he rows in Charon's boat across the lake at the entrance of the infernal regions:—

"*B. (rowing in great misery).*

How I'm maul'd,

How I'm gall'd;

Worn and mangled to a mash —

There they go! 'Koash koash!'

*Frogs.* Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* Oh, beshrew,

All your crew;

You don't consider how I smart.

*Frogs.* Now for a sample of the Art!

Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* I forbid you to proceed.

*Frogs.* That would be severe indeed;

Arbitrary, bold, and rash —  
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* I command you to desist —  
— Oh, my back, there! oh, my wrist!

What a twist!

What a sprain!

*Frogs.* Once again —

We renew the tuneful strain,  
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* I disdain — (Hang the pain!)  
All your nonsense, noise, and trash.  
Oh, my blister! Oh, my sprain!

*Frogs.* Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.  
Friends and Frogs, we must display  
All our powers of voice to-day;  
Suffer not this stranger here,

With fastidious foreign ear,  
To confound us and abash,  
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* Well, my spirit is not broke,  
If it's only for the joke,  
I'll outdo you with a croak.  
Here it goes — (*very loud*) 'Koash,  
koash.'

*Frogs.* Now for a glorious croaking crash.  
(*Still louder*).

Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* (*splashing with his oar*).  
I'll disperse you with a splash.

*Frogs.* Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* I'll subdue

Your rebellious, noisy crew —

— Have amongst you there, slap-

dash. [*Strikes at them.*

*Frogs.* Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.  
We defy your oar and you.

*Ch.* Hold! We're ashore just — shift  
your oar. Get out.

— Now pay for your fare.

*B.* There — there it is — the  
twopence.

Besides his Aristophanic labours, Mr. Frere also translated the fragments of Theognis, of which he made a new arrangement, so as to form an autobiography of the poet. This work was printed at Malta in 1842, under the title of "Theognis Restitutus; the Personal History of the Poet Theognis, deduced from an Analysis of his existing Fragments," and was favourably noticed in this Review in the following year.\* We will only express our admiration, with Sir George C. Lewis, "of the facility with which Mr. Frere has passed from the wild, grotesque, and ever varying language and metres of Aristophanes, to the sedate admonitions and reflections of the gnomic poet, and the fidelity with which he has represented both sorts of diction in English, always pure, terse, and idiomatic."

\* See "Quarterly Review," vol. lxxii. p. 452.

Mr. Frere died of a paralytic seizure on the 7th of January, 1846. "He was laid beside his wife in the English burial-ground in one of the Floriana outworks overlooking the Quarantine Harbour." His death was lamented by all classes in Malta, but especially by the poor; and, even now, "when the generation of those who were the objects of his active sympathy has passed away, there are Maltese who will point out his tomb as the grave of the noble-hearted Englishman, known in his day as the best friend of their fellow islanders in want or distress."

In politics he was a disciple of Pitt and Canning.

"From conviction, not less than from early association," says his biographer, "he had a rooted distrust as well as dislike of sudden revolution, which he believed generally led, through a period of anarchy, to despotism more severe than that which originally drove the oppressed to seek for change. But he had a profound abhorrence of every form of oppression and tyranny, more especially of that which would interfere with national liberties, or allow any one nation or class to domineer over others. He looked on rank and property as held in trust, on the condition that the classes enjoying them should ever be ready to stake all they possessed to secure the freedom and happiness of their fellow countrymen.

"He had little faith in those who professed themselves mere mouth-pieces of numerical majorities. He held that the English people at large were better and more truly represented by men chosen for their general character and weight in the community, and because the people knew them and liked them, and felt that they sympathized with their constituents, than by men bound to advocate particular measures. He believed that power was better exercised by those whose education, rank, and property tended to make them independent in forming, and fearless in expressing their own opinions, than by delegates pledged to express the opinions of others.

"With many of the changes which he saw carried out in his later years he thoroughly sympathized; but he mistrusted the mode in which, and the motives from which, they were effected, as tending to impair the stability of institutions which he wished to see reformed and perpetuated; not swept away."

He "had a grand personal appearance. He was a very tall and altogether a large man, for his age very upright, with bold commanding features, a good nose and brow, and a peculiar expression perhaps of sarcasm, with a touch of hauteur about the corner of his mouth and nostrils." No man was more beloved by his friends. A playful humour, kindness and gener-

osity characterized his every-day words and actions.

"But those who knew him most intimately soon discovered that the largest tolerance and charity were not incompatible with a thorough contempt for all that was mean and base; among other marks of true nobility of character he possessed the royal art of never humiliating one in any way inferior to himself. Meaner natures near him, while they saw and felt his superiority, tasted the luxury of feeling their own aims elevated, and of discovering a higher standard than that by which they had been accustomed to regulate their own actions. It was this quality which secured for him, at one and the same time, the affection of the poorest and weakest and the respect of the best and noblest who knew him well enough to judge of his true character."

In all respects he well deserved the epithet bestowed upon him by Coleridge — *ὁ καλοκίγαθος ὁ φιλόκαλος*.<sup>\*</sup> The Attic phrase for a high-minded and accomplished gentleman marks a type of character which seems in some danger of decaying out of our midst with the degeneracy of the education and tone of thought which fostered it. In this "practical" age many will look with supercilious compassion on what they may regard as his wasted life; and even his friends were inclined to the view humorously expressed in Mr. Rose's admirable Epistle to Frere:—

"That bound like bold Prometheus on a rock, O  
Self-banished man, you boil in a *Scirocco*."

Before we lighted on this passage, the same image had occurred to us as a type of that example, which such a life presents, of the noble spirit of humanity which Æschylus has portrayed. It was not indeed Mr. Frere's lot to teach the grand lesson of endurance under suffering — though he also suffered with noble patience; but his retirement nurtured the Promethean fire of pure intellect, to which we must ever have recourse to animate the material forms of life, however cunningly an Epimetheus may have contrived them. We may sum up in Frere's own

<sup>\*</sup> Coleridge in his Will dated September, 1829, wrote as follows:—

"Further to Mr. Gillman, as the most expressive way in which I can only mark my relation to him, and, in remembrance of a great and good man, revered by us both, I leave the manuscript: volume lettered 'Arist. Manuscript—Birds, Acharnians, Knights,' presented to me by my dear friend and patron, the Rt. Hon. John Hookham Frere, who of all the men that I have had the means of knowing during my life, appears to me eminently to deserve to be characterized as *ὁ καλοκίγαθος ὁ φιλόκαλος*.

words the value of such a bequest as his works have left us:—"Since *mind* can only be delineated by *language*, the highest perfection of mind requires to be represented by the higher and more artificial form of language, by verse rather than prose." We thank his nephews for their pious perpetuation of his life and labours; and we cannot give higher praise to Sir Bartle Frere's "Memoir" than by saying how deeply we have felt its uniform tone of sympathy with what we conceive to be the spirit and lesson of his uncle's life.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

I LOOKED at Bell. She did not blush; but calmly waited to take the reins. I had then to point out to the young hypocrite that her wiles were of no avail. She was not anxious to be beyond Twickenham; she was chiefly anxious to get down thither. Notwithstanding that she knew we had chosen a capricious and roundabout road to reach this first stage on our journey, merely to show Von Rosen something of London and its suburban beauties, she was looking with impatience to the long circuit by Clapham Common, Wimbledon, and Richmond Park. Therefore she was not in a condition to be entrusted with the safety of so valuable a freight.

"I am not impatient," said Bell, with her colour a trifle heightened: "I do not care whether we ever get to Twickenham. I would as soon go to Henley to-night; and to-morrow to Oxford. But it is just like a man to make a great fuss, and go in prodigious circles to reach a trifling distance. You go circling and circling like the minute-hand of a clock; but the small hand, that takes it easy, and makes no clatter of ticking, finds at twelve o'clock that it has got quite as far as its big companion."

"This, Bell," I remarked, "is impertinence."

"Will you give me the reins?"

"No."

Bell turned half round, and leaned her arm on the lowered hood.

"My dear," she said to Queen Titania—who had been telling the Count something about Buckingham Palace—"we

have forgotten one thing. What are we to do when our companions are sulky during the day? In the evening, we can read, or sing, or walk about by ourselves. But during the day, Tita? When we are imprisoned, how are we to escape?"

"We shall put you in the imperial, if you are not a good girl," said my Lady with a gracious sweetness; and then she turned to the Count.

It would have been cruel to laugh at Bell. For a minute or two after meeting with this rebuff, she turned rather away from us, and stared with a fine assumption of proud indifference down the Vauxhall Bridge Road. But presently a lurking smile began to appear about the corners of her mouth; and at last she cried out—

"Well, there is no use quarrelling with a married man, for he never pets you. He is familiar with the trick of it, I suppose, and looks on like an old juggler watching the efforts of an amateur. See! how lovely the river is up there by Chelsea—the long reach of rippling gray, the green of the trees, and the curious silvery light that almost hides the heights beyond. We shall see the Thames often, shall we not? and then the Severn, and then the Solway, and then the great Frith of the Forth? When I think of it, I feel like a bird—a lark fluttering up in happiness—and seeing farther and farther every minute. To see the Solway, you know, you have to be up almost in the blue; and then all around you there rises the wide plains of England, with fields, and woods, and streams. Fancy being able to see as far as a vulture, and to go swooping on for leagues and leagues—now up amid white peaks of snow—or down through some great valley—or across the sea in the sunset. And only fancy that some evening you might find the spectral ship beginning to appear in pale fire in the mist of the horizon—coming on towards you without a sound—do you know, that is the most terrible legend ever thought of?"

"What has a vulture to do with the Flying Dutchman?" said my Lady Tita suddenly; and Bell turned with a start to find her friend's head close to her own. "You are becoming incoherent, Bell, and your eyes are as wild as if you were really looking at the phantom ship. Why are you not driving?"

"Because I am not allowed," said Bell.

However, when we got into the Clapham Road, Bell had her wish. She took her place with the air of a practised whip;



and did not even betray any nervousness when a sudden whistle behind us warned her that she was in the way of a tramway-car. Moreover she managed to subdue so successfully her impatience to get to Twickenham, that she was able to take us in the gentlest manner possible up and across Clapham Common, down through Wandsworth, and up again towards Wimbledon. When, at length, we got to the brow of the hill that overlooks the long and undulating stretches of furze, the admiration of our Prussian friend, which had been called forth by the various parks and open spaces in and around London, almost rose to the pitch of enthusiasm.

"Is it the sea down there?" he asked, looking towards the distant tent-poles, which certainly resembled a small forest of masts in the haze of the sunshine. "It is not the sea? I almost expect to reach the shore always in England. Yet why have you so beautiful places like this around London — so much more beautiful than the sandy country around our Berlin — and no one to come to it? You have more than three millions of people — here is a playground — why do they not come? And Clapham Common too, it is not used for people to walk in, as we should use it in Germany, and have a pleasant seat in a garden, and the women sewing until their husbands and friends come in the evening, and music to make it pleasant, afterwards. It is nothing — a waste — a landscape — very beautiful — but not used. You have children on donkeys, and boys playing their games — that is very good — but it is not enough. And here, this beautiful park, all thrown away — no one here at all. Why does not your burgomaster see the — the requirement — of drawing away large numbers of people from so big a town for fresh air; and make here some amusements?"

"Consider the people who live all around," said my Lady, "and what they would have to suffer."

"Suffer?" said the young Prussian, with his blue eyes staring. "I do not understand you. For people to walk through gardens, and smoke, and drink a glass or two of beer, or sit under the trees and sew or read — surely that is not offensive to any person. And here the houses are miles away — you cannot see them down beyond the windmill there."

"Did you ever hear of such things as manorial rights, and freeholders, and copyholders, and the Statute of Merton?" he is asked.

"All that is nothing — a fiction," he re-

torted. "You have a Government in this country representing the people; why not take all these commons and use them for the people? And if the Government has not courage to do that, why do not your municipalities, which are rich, buy up the land, and provide amusements, and draw the people into the open air?"

My Lady Tita could scarcely believe her ears in hearing a Prussian aristocrat talk thus coolly of confiscation, and exhibit no more reverence for the traditional rights of property than if he were a Parisian socialist. But then these boys of twenty-four will dance over the world's edge in pursuit of a theory.

Here, too, as Bell gently urged our horses forward towards the crest of the slope leading down to Bavelly Bridge, Von Rosen got his first introduction to an English landscape. All around him lay the brown stretches of sand and the blue-green clumps of furze of the common; on either side of the wide and well-made road, the tall banks were laden with a tangled luxuriance of brushwood and bramble and wild-flowers; down in the hollow beneath us there were red-tiled farm-buildings half hid in a green maze of elms and poplars: then the scattered and irregular fields and meadows, scored with hedges and dotted with houses, led up to a series of heights that were wooded with every variety of forest tree; while over all these undulations and plains there lay that faint presence of mist which only served to soften the glow of the afternoon sunshine, and show us the strong colours of the picture through a veil of tender ethereal grey.

As we got down the hill and rolled along the valley, however, he was not much struck with the appearance of our first wayside public — "The Duke of Cambridge, by S. Lucas." There was a good deal of squalor about the rude little building and its ramshackle outhouses; while the open windows showed us a small and stuffy parlour filled with men who, having nothing to do but sit and drink, might just as well have been outside on this warm afternoon. Nevertheless, there was something picturesque about even the dirt of the place; while the ducks and hens about, a brown goat, and two or three splendid dray-horses being watered at the wooden trough, gave the place the look of a farm-yard. Bell drove on to "The Robin Hood, by E. Clark," a much cleaner-looking inn, where Queen Titania pointed out a sort of garden with bowers round it as our best imitation of the German beer-garden; and here, having given the horses



a little water, we turned back a few yards, and entered Richmond Park by the Robin Hood gate.

Richmond Park, in the stillness of a fine sunset, was worth bringing a foreigner to see. The ruddy light from the west was striking here and there among the glades under the oaks; across the bars of radiance and shadow the handsome little bucks and long-necked does were lightly passing and repassing; while there were rabbits in thousands trotting in and about the brackens, with an occasional covey of young partridges alternately regarding us with upstretched necks and then running off a few yards further. But after we had bowled along the smooth and level road, up and through the avenues of stately oaks, past the small lakes (one of them, beyond the shadow of a dark wood, gleamed like a line of gold) and up to the summit of Richmond Hill, Queen Titania had not a word to say further in pointing out the beauties of the place. She had been officiating as conductor, but it was with the air of a proprietress. Now, as we stopped the phaeton on the crest of the hill, she was silent.

Far away behind us lay the cold green of the eastern sky, and under it the smoke of London lay red and brown, while in the extreme distance we could see dim traces of houses, and down in the south a faint rosy mist. Some glittering yellow rays showed us where the Crystal Palace, high over the purple shadows of Sydenham, caught the sunlight; and up by Notting Hill, too, there were one or two less distinct glimmerings of glass. But when we turned to the west, no such range of vision was permitted to us. All over the bed of the river there lay across the western sky a confused glare of pale gold—not a distinct sunset, with sharp lines of orange and blood-red fire, but a bewildering haze that blinded the eyes and was rather ominous for the morrow. Along the horizon,

“where, enthroned in adamantine state,  
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits,”

there was no trace of the grey towers to be made out, but a confused and level mass of silver streaks and lines of blue. Nearer at hand, the spacious and wooded landscape seemed almost dark under the glare of the sky; and the broad windings of the Thames lay white and clear between the soft green of the Twickenham shores and the leafy masses of “umbrageous Ham.”

“Doesn't it seem as though the strange

light away up there in the north and out in the west lay over some unknown country,” said Bell, with her eyes filled with the glamour of the sunset, “and that to-morrow we were to begin our journey into a great prairie, and leave houses and people for ever behind us? You can see no more villages, but only miles and miles of woods and plains, until you come to a sort of silver mist, and that might be the sea.”

“And Bell stands on the edge of this wild and golden desert, and a melancholy look comes into her eyes. For she is fond of houses and her fellow-creatures, and here, just close at hand—down there, in Twickenham, in fact—there is a comfortable dining-room and some pleasant friends, and one attentive person in particular, who is perhaps a little sorry to bid her good-by. Yet she does not falter. To-morrow morning she will hold out her hand—a tender and wistful smile will only half convey her sadness—”

Here Bell made a cut at Pollux, both the horses sprang forward with a jerk that had nearly thrown the Lieutenant into the road (for he was standing up and holding on by the hood), and then, without another word, she rattled us down into Richmond. Getting sharply round the corner, she pretty nearly took a wheel off the omnibus that was standing in front of the King's Head, and just escaped knocking down a youth in white costume and boating shoes, who jumped back on the pavement with an admirable dexterity. Nor would she stop to give us a look at the Thames from the bridge—we only caught a glimpse of the broad bend of the water, the various boats and their white-clad crews, the pleasant river-paths, and the green and wooded heights all around. She swept us along the road leading into Twickenham, past the abodes of the Orleanist Princes, and into the narrow streets of the village itself, until, with a proud and defiant air, she pulled the horses up in front of Dr. Ashburton's house.

There was a young man at the window. She pretended not to see him.

When the servants had partly got our luggage out, the young man made his appearance, and came forward, in rather a frightened way, as I thought, to pay his respects to my Lady Tita and Bell. Then he glanced at the Uhlan, who was carefully examining the horse's fetlocks and hoofs. Finally, as the Doctor had no stables, Master Arthur informed us that he had made arrangements about putting up the horses; and while the rest went into the house, he volunteered to take the phaeton round to

the inn. He and the Count went off together.

Then there was a wild commotion on the first landing, a confused tumble and rush down stairs, and presently Bell and Tita were catching up two boys and hugging them, and pulling out all sorts of mysterious presents.

"Heh! how tens tee, Jeck? gaily?" cried Auntie Bell, whose broad Cumberlandshire vastly delighted the youngsters. "Why, Twom, thou's growin' a big lad — thou mud as weel be a sodger as at schuil. Can tee dance a whornpipe yet? — what, nowther o' ye? Dost think I's gaun to gie a siller watch to twa feckless fallows that canna dance a whornpipe?"

But here Bell's mouth was stopped by a multitude of kisses, and, having had to confess that the two silver watches were really in her pocket, she was drawn into the parlour by the two boys, and made to stand and deliver.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### "PRINZ EUGEN, DER EDLE RITTER."

"What can Tommy Onslow do?  
He can drive a phaeton and two.  
Can Tommy Onslow do no more?"

MEANWHILE, what had become of the Lieutenant, and Arthur, and Castor and Pollux, to say nothing of the phaeton, which had now been transferred from its accustomed home in Surrey to spend a night under a shed in Twickenham? The crooked by-ways and narrow streets of that curious little village were getting rapidly darker under the falling dusk, and here and there orange lamps were beginning to shine in the blue-gray of the twilight, when I set out to discover the stable to which our horses had been confided. I had got but half-way to the public-house, when I met Arthur. The ordinarily mild and gentle face of this young man — which would be quite feminine in character, but for a soft, pale-yellow moustache — looked rather gloomy.

"Where is the Count?" I asked of him.  
"Do you mean that German fellow?" he said.

The poor young man! It was easy to detect the cause of that half-angry contempt with which he spoke of our lieutenant. It was jealousy, with its green eyes and dark imaginings; and the evening, I could see, promised us a pretty spectacle of the farce of Bell and the Dragon. At present I merely requested Master Arthur to answer my question.

"Well," said he, with a fine expression

of irony — the unhappy wretch! as if it were not quite obvious that he was more inclined to cry — "if you want to keep him out of the police-office, you'd better go down to the stables of the —. He has raised a pretty quarrel there, I can tell you — kicked the ostler half across the yard — knocked heaps of things to smithereens — and is ordering everybody about, and fuming and swearing in a dozen different inarticulate languages. I wish you joy of your companion. You will have plenty of adventures by the way; but what will you do with all the clocks you gather?"

"Go home, you stupid boy, and thank God you have not the gift of sarcasm. Bell is waiting for you. You will talk very sensibly with her, I dare say; but don't make any jokes — not for some years to come."

Arthur went his way into the twilight, as wretched a young man as there was that evening in Twickenham.

Now in front of the public-house, and adjoining the entrance into the yard, a small and excited crowd had collected of all the idlers and loungers who hang about the doors of a tavern. In the middle of them — as you could see when the yellow light from the window streamed through a chink in the cluster of human figures — there was a small, square-set, bandy-legged man, with a red waistcoat, a cropped head, and a peaked cap, with the peak turned sideways. He was addressing his companions alternately, in an odd mixture of Buckinghamshire *patois* and Middlesex pronunciation, somewhat in this fashion: —

"I baint afeard of 'm, or any other darned foreigner, the —. An' I've looked arter awsses afore he wur born, and I'd like to see the mahn as 'll tell me what I don't know about 'em. I've kept my plaace for fifteen yur, and I'll bet the coot on my bahck as my missus 'll say there niver wur a better in the plaace; an' as fur thaht — furrener in there, the law 'll teach him summut, or I'm verry much mistaken. Eh, Arry? Baint I right?"

This impassioned appeal from the excited small man was followed by a general chorus of assent.

I made my way down the yard, between the shafts of dog-carts and the poles of disabled omnibuses that loomed from out the darkness of a long and low shed. Down at the foot of this narrow and dusky channel, a stable door was open, and the faint yellow light occasionally caught the figure of a man who was busy grooming a horse

outside. As I picked my way over the rough stones, I could hear that he was occasionally interrupting the hissing noise peculiar to the work with a snatch of a song, carelessly sung in a deep and sufficiently powerful voice. What was it he sang?

"*Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter — hisssssss — wollt' dem Kaiser wiedrum kriegen — wo! my beauty — so ho! — Stadt und Festung Belgrad! — hold up, my lad! wo ho!*"

"Hillo, Oswald, what are you about?"

"Oh, only looking after the horses," said our young Uhlan, slowly raising himself up.

He was in a remarkable state of undress — his coat, waistcoat, and collar having been thrown on the straw inside the stable — and he held in his hand a brush.

"The fellows at this inn they are very ignorant of horses, or very careless."

"I hear you have been kicking 'em all about the place."

"Why not? You go in to have a glass of beer and see the people. You come back to the stables. The man says he has fed the horses — it is a lie. He says he has groomed them — it is a lie. *Jott im Himmel!* can I not see? Then I drive him away — I take out corn for myself also some beans — he comes back — he is insolent — I fling him into the yard — he falls over the pail — he lies and groans — that is very good for him, it will teach him to mind his business, not to tell lies, and to steal the price of the corn."

I pointed out to this cool young person that if he went kicking insolent ostlers all over the country, he would get us into trouble.

"Is it not a shame they do not know their work? and that they will ruin good horses to steal a sixpence from you?"

"Besides," I said, "it is not prudent to quarrel with an ostler, for you must leave your horses under his care; and if he should be ill-natured, he may do them a mischief during the night."

The Count laughed, as he untied the halter and led Pollux into a loose box.

"Do not be alarmed. I never allow any man, to lock up my horses if I am among strangers. I do that myself. I will lock up this place and take the key, and to-morrow at six I will come round and see them fed. No! you must not object. It is a great pleasure of mine to look after horses, and I shall become friends with these two in a very few days. You must let me manage them always."

"And groom them twice a day?"

"*Nee, Jott bewahre!* When there is a man who can do it, I will not; but when there is no one, it is a very good thing to help yourself."

Lieutenant Oswald von Rosen had clearly learned how to conjugate the verb *requiriren* during his sojourn in Bohemia and in France. He made another raid on the corn and split beans, got up into the loft and crammed down plenty of hay, then bringing a heap of clean straw into the place, tossed it plentifully about the loose box devoted to Pollux, and about Castor's stall. Then he put on his upper vestments, brought away the candle, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, humming all the time something about "*die dreimal hunderttausend Mann.*"

When we had got to the gate of the yard, he stalked up to the small crowd of idlers, and said —

"Which of you is the man who did tumble over the pail? It is you, you little fellow? Well, you deserve much more than you got; but here is a half-crown for you to buy sticking-plaster with."

The small ostler held back, but his companions, who perceived that the half-crown meant beer, urged him to go forward and take it; which he did, saying —

"Well, I don't bear no malice."

"And next time you have gentlemen's horses put into your stables, don't try to steal the price of their corn," said the Lieutenant; and with that he turned and walked away.

"Who is the gentleman who came with me?" asked my young friend, as we went back to the house; "he is a nice young man, but he does not know the difference between hay and straw, and I begged him not to remain. And he would not drink the beer of this public-house; but that is the way of all you Englishmen — you are so particular about things, and always thinking of your health, and always thinking of living, instead of living and thinking nothing about it. Ah, you do not know how fine a thing it is to live until you have been in a campaign, my dear friend; and then you know how fine it is that you can eat with great hunger, and how fine it is when you get a tumbler of wine, and how fine it is to sleep. You are very glad, then, to be able to walk firm on your legs, and find yourself alive and strong. But always, I think, your countrymen do not enjoy being alive so much as mine; they are always impatient for something, trying to do something, hoping for something, instead of being satisfied of finding every day a good new day, and plenty of satis-

faction in it, with talking to people, and seeing things, and a cigar now and again. Just now, when I wake, I laugh to myself, and say, 'How very good it is to sleep in a bed, and shut yourself out from noise, and get up when you please!' Then you have a good breakfast, and all the day begins afresh, and you have no fear of being crippled and sent off to the hospital. Oh! it is very good to have this freedom — this carelessness — this seeing of new things and new people every day. And that is a very pretty young lady become, your Miss Bell: I do remember her only a shy little girl, who spoke German with your strange English way of pronouncing the vowels, and was very much bashful over it. Oh yes, she is very good-looking, indeed; her hair looks as if there were streaks of sunshine in the brown, and her eyes are very thoughtful, and she has a beautiful outline of the chin that makes her neck and throat very pretty. And, you know, I rather like the nose not hooked, like most of your English young ladies; when it is a little the other way, and fine, and delicate, it makes the face piquant and tender, not haughty and cold, *nicht wahr?* But yet she is very English-looking; I would take her as a — as a — a — type, do you call it? — of the pretty young Englishwoman, well-formed, open-eyed, with good healthy colour in her face, and very frank and gentle, and independent, all at the same time. Oh, she is a very good girl — a very good girl, I can see that."

"Yes," I said, "I think she will marry that young fellow whom you saw to-night."

"And that will be very good for him," he replied, easily; "for she will look after him and give him some common sense. He is not practical; he has not seen much; he is moody, and nervous, and thinks greatly about trifles. But I think he will be very amiable to her, and that is much. You know, all the best women marry stupid men."

There was, however, no need for our going into that dangerous subject; for at this moment we arrived at Dr. Ashburton's house. Von Rosen rushed upstairs to his room, to remove the traces of his recent employment; and then, as we both entered the drawing-room, we found Bell standing right under the central gaselier, which was pouring its rays down on her wealth of golden-brown hair. Indeed, she then deserved all that Von Rosen had said about her being a type of our handsomest young Englishwoman — rather tall, well-formed, showing a clear complexion, and

healthy rosiness in her cheeks, while there was something at once defiant and gentle in her look. Comely enough she was to attract the notice of any stranger; but it was only those who had spent years with her, and had observed all her winning ways, her unselfishness, and the rare honour and honesty that lay behind all her pretty affectations of petulance, and the wild nonsense of her tongue, who could really tell what sort of young person our Bonny Bell was. She was sufficiently handsome to draw eyes towards her:

"But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,  
The inward beauty of her lovely spirit,  
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,  
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight."

There dwell sweet Love and constant Chastity,  
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,  
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty."

And it must be said that during this evening Bell's conduct was beyond all praise. Arthur Ashburton was rather cold and distant towards her, and was obviously in a rather bad temper. He even hovered on the verge of rudeness towards both herself and the Lieutenant. Now, nothing delighted Bell more than to vary the even and pleasant tenor of her life with a series of pretty quarrels which had very little element of seriousness in them; but on this evening, when she was provoked into quarrelling in earnest, nothing could exceed the good sense, and gentleness, and forbearance she showed. At dinner she sat between the young barrister and his father, a quiet, little, gray-haired man in spectacles, with small black eyes that twinkled strangely when he made his nervous little jokes, and looked over to his wife — the very matter-of-fact and roseate woman who sat at the opposite end of the table. The old Doctor was a much more pleasant companion than his son; but Bell, with wonderful moderation, did her best to re-establish good relations between the moody young barrister and herself. Of course, no woman will prolong such overtures indefinitely; and at last the young gentleman managed to establish a more serious breach than he had dreamed of. For the common talk had drifted back to the then recent war, and our lieutenant was telling us a story about three Uhlanen, who had, out of mere bravado, ridden down the main street of a French village, and out at the other end, without having been touched by the shots fired at them,

when young Ashburton added, with a laugh —

"I suppose they were so padded with the watches and jewellery they had gathered on their way, that the bullets glanced off."

Count von Rosen looked across the table at the young man, with a sort of wonder in his light-blue eyes; and then, with admirable self-control, he turned to my Lady Tita, and calmly continued the story.

But as for Bell, a blush of shame and exceeding mortification overspread her features. No madness of jealousy could excuse this open insult to a stranger and a guest. From that moment, Bell addressed herself exclusively to the old Doctor, and took no more notice of his son than if he had been in the moon. She was deeply hurt, but she managed to conceal her disappointment; and indeed, when the boys came in after dinner, she had so far picked up her spirits as to be able to talk to them in that wild way which they regarded with mingled awe and delight. For they could not understand how Auntie Bell was allowed to use strange words, and even talk Cumberlandshire to the Doctor's own face.

Of course she plied the boys with all sorts of fruit and sweetmeats, until Tita coming suddenly back from the campaign in France to the table before her, peremptorily ordered her to cease. And then Bell gathered round her the decanters.

"I say, Jack," she observed in a whisper, though looking covertly at Queen Tita all the time, "what's good for a fellow that's got a cold?"

"I beg your pardon," said Master Jack, properly.

"What's good for a cold, you stupid, small boy?"

"But you haven't got a cold, Auntie Bell."

"Oh, haven't I! You don't know there are all sorts of colds. There's the little fairy that sits and tickles you with a feather, just now and again, you know; and there's the sweep that drives a tremendous whalebone brush up and down, and makes you blue in the face with fighting him. Mind when the sweep does get hold of you, it's a terrible bother to shunt him out."

"Bell," said my Lady, with a sharpness that made the boys look frightened, "you must not teach the children such phrases."

"I think it's very hard that a grown-up person can't speak there words without

being scolded," remarked Bell, confidentially, to Master Tom; and that young ruffian, looking covertly at his mother, grinned as widely as a mouthful of apple would let him.

So the boys had their half-glass of wine, and Bell swept them away with her into the drawing-room, when the women left.

"A very bright young lady — hm! — a very bright and pleasant young lady indeed," said the Doctor stretching out his short legs with an air of freedom, and beginning to examine the decanters. "I don't wonder the young fellows rave about her; eh, Arthur, eh?"

Master Arthur rose and left the room. "Touched, eh?" said the father, with his eyes twinkling vehemently, and his small gray features twisted into a smile. "Hit hard, eh? Gad, I don't wonder at it; if I were a young fellow myself — eh, eh? Claret? Yes. But the young fellows now don't sing about their laughing Lalage, or drink to Glycera, or make jokes with Lydia; it is all dreaming, and reading, and sighing, eh, eh? That boy of mine has gone mad — heeds nothing — is ill-tempered —"

"Decidedly, Doctor."

"Eh? Ill-tempered? Why, his mother daren't talk to him, and we're glad to have him go up to his chambers again. Our young friend here is of another sort; there is no care about a woman tempering the healthy brown of the sun and the weather, eh? — is there, eh?"

"Why, my dear Doctor," cried the Lieutenant, with a prodigious laugh, "don't you think Lydia's lover — *Lydia, die*, you know — he was very glad to be away from rough sports? He had other enjoyments. I am brown, not because of my wish, but that I have been made to work, that is all."

The Doctor was overjoyed, and perhaps, a trifle surprised, to find that this tall Uhlan, who had just been grooming two horses, understood his references to Horace; and he immediately cried out —

"No, no; you must not lose your health, and your colour, and your temper. Would you have your friends say of you, who have just been through a campaign in France —

\* *Cur neque militaris  
Inter æquales militat, Gallica nec lupatis  
Temperat ora frenis?* \*

Eh, eh?"

"*Temperat ora frenis* — it is a good motto for our driving excursion," said the Count; "but was it your Miss Bell who called



your two fine horses by such stupid names as Castor and Pollux?"

"Nevertheless," said the Doctor, eagerly, "Castor was said to have great skill in the management of horses,—eh, eh?"

"Certainly," said the Count. "And both together they foretell good weather, which is a fine thing in driving."

"And they were the gods of boundaries," cried the Doctor.

"And they got people out of trouble when everything seemed all over," returned the Count, "which may also happen to our phaeton."

"And—and—and"—here the Doctor's small face fairly gleamed with a joke, and he broke into a thin, high chuckle—"they ran away with two ladies—eh, eh, eh?—Did they not, did they not?"

Presently we went into the drawing-room, and there the women were found in a wild maze of maps, eagerly discussing the various routes to the North, and the comparative attractions of different towns. The contents of Mr. Stanford's shop seemed to have been scattered about the room, and Bell had armed herself with an opisometer, which gave her quite an air of importance.

The Lieutenant was out of this matter, so he flung himself down into an easy chair, and presently had both of the boys on his knees, telling them stories and propounding arithmetical conundrums alternately. When Queen Titania came to release him, the young rebels refused to go; and one of them declared that the Count had promised to sing the "Wacht am Rhein."

"Oh, please don't," said Bell, suddenly turning round, with a map of Cumberland half hiding her. "You don't know that all the organs here have it. But if you would be so good as to sing us a German song, I will play the accompaniment for you, if I know it, and I know a great many."

Of course, the women did not imagine that a man who had been accustomed to a soldier's life, and who betrayed a faculty for grooming horses, was likely to know much more of music than a handy chorus, but the Count, lightly saying that he would not trouble her, went over to the piano, and sat down unnoticed amid the general hum of conversation.

But the next moment there was sufficient silence. For with a crash like thunder—"Hei! das klang wie Ungewitter!"—the young Lieutenant struck the first chords of "Prinz Eugen," and with a sort of upward toss of the head, as

if he were making room for himself, he began to sing Freiligrath's picturesque soldier-song to the wild and warlike and yet stately music which Dr. Löwe has written for it. What a rare voice he had, too!—deep, strong, and resonant—that seemed to throw itself into the daring spirit of the music with an absolute disregard of delicate graces or sentimental effect; a powerful, masculine, soldier-like voice, that had little flute-like softness, but the strength and thrill that told of a deep chest, and that interpenetrated or rose above the loudest chords that his ten fingers struck. Queen Tita's face was overspread with surprise; Bell unconsciously laid down the map, and stood as one amazed. The ballad, you know, tells how, one calm night on the banks of the Danube, just after the great storming of Belgrade, a young trumpeter in the camp determines to leave aside cards for a while, and make a right good song for the army to sing; how he sets to work to tell the story of the battle in ringing verse, and at last, when he has got the rhymes correct, he makes the notes too, and his song is complete. "Ho, ye white troops and ye red troops, come round and listen!" he cries; and then he sings the record of the great deeds of Prince Eugene; and lo! as he repeats the air for a third time, there breaks forth, with a hoarse roar as of thunder, the chorus "Prinz Eugen der edle Ritter!" until the sound of it is carried even into the Turkish camp. And then the young trumpeter, not dissatisfied with his performance, proudly twirls his moustache; and finally sneaks away to tell of his triumph to the pretty Marketenderin. When our young Uhlan rose from the piano he laughed in an apologetic fashion; but there was still in his face some of that glow and fire which had made him forget himself during the singing of the ballad, and which had lent to his voice that penetrating resonance that still seemed to linger about the room. Bell said "Thank you" in rather a timid fashion; but Queen Tita did not speak at all, and seemed to have forgotten us.

We had more music that evening, and Bell produced her guitar, which was expected to solace us much on our journey. It was found that the Lieutenant could play that too; and he executed at least a very pretty accompaniment when Bell sang "Der Tyroler und sein Kind." But you should have seen the face of Master Arthur, when Bell volunteered to sing a German song. I believe she did it to show that she was not altogether frightened by



the gloomy and mysterious silence which he preserved, as he sat in a corner and stared at everybody.

So ended our first day: and to-morrow — why, to-morrow we pass away from big cities and their suburbs, from multitudes of friends, late hours, and the whirl of amusements and follies, into the still seclusion of English country life, with its simple habits, and fresh pictures, and the quaint humours of its inns.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Twickenham.* — "The foregoing pages give a more or less accurate account of our setting-out, but they are all *wrong* about Bell. Men are far worse than women in imagining love-affairs, and supposing that girls think about nothing else. Bell wishes to be *let alone*. If gentlemen care to make themselves uncomfortable about her, she cannot help it; but it is rather *unfair* to drag her into any such complications. I am *positive* that, though she has doubtless a little pity for that young man who vexes himself and his friends because he is not good enough for her, she would not be sorry to see him, and Count von Rosen — and *some one else besides* — all start off on a cruise to Australia. She is quite content to be as she is. Marriage will come in good time; and when it comes, she will get plenty of it, *sure enough*. In the meantime, I hope she will not be suspected of encouraging those idle flirtations and pretences of worship with which gentlemen think they ought to approach every girl whose *good fortune* it is not to be married. T."]

From The Edinburgh Review.

#### LACE-MAKING AS A FINE ART.\*

THERE used to be an old saying, that "of the smallest matters the law does not

take care," but to the art of lace-making that axiom certainly can no longer be applied, since every year now gives us one or more works on the history, or on the reproduction of Lace.

Books on both these topics stand at the head of our article; books, some of which might, with great propriety, have been treated of separately under their respective heads, did they not all bear on Lace-making as one of the Fine Arts. By a Fine Art is meant one of those methods by which men of taste, intellect, and originality have been able first to express themselves, and then to appeal to the taste and intelligence of their own and of future generations. It matters not what be the material, whether it be marble, bronze, canvas, or but a linen thread, fine as that which Arachne span: whether the tool be the chisel, the pencil, or the needle, so that the hand of the artist be but present: and it is from the presence in Lace-making both of harmonious design and of suitable execution that we claim for it a place as one of the Fine Arts.

Its object is ornamentation; it belongs to that Beautiful which it is so good to have about us after the Needful is already there, not only on account of the pleasure which it gives, but because its very presence indicates leisure, refinement, and a cultivation of the artistic sense. The title of Lace-making to rank among the Arts is a valid one, and it is one which would be more commonly recognized had not the history of Lace passed into the province of the antiquarian, in the same way that its reproduction by hand and loom has become one of the charitable and industrial interests of the day. The artist has been too much driven from the field, or only appears as a collector of old and curious specimens, so that an absence of artistic feeling characterizes too many of the modern works on the subject, yet it is our intention to show that as this was not the

\* 1. *A History of Lace.* By Mrs. BURY PALLISER. 2nd edition. London: 1870.

2. *Catalogue of a Collection of Lace and Needlework; with a list of books on the same subject, both formed by and in the possession of Mrs. Hailstone, of Horton Hall, and exhibited at Leeds.* Privately printed: 1868.

3. *Designs for Lace-making.* By S. H. LILLA HALLSTONE. London: 1870. Printed for private distribution.

4. *Origine ed uso delle Trine a filo di refe.* Genova: 1864. Privately printed for the Costabili-Caselli nuptials.

5. *Handbook of Greek Lace-making.* By J. H. 2nd edition. Printed for private circulation. London: 1870.

6. *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Lace and Embroidery in the South Kensington Museum.* By Mrs. BURY PALLISER. London: 1870.

7. *Textile Fabrics: a Descriptive Catalogue of the Church Vestments, Silks, Stuffs, Needlework, and Tapestries, forming that section of the South Kensington Museum.* By the Very Rev. DANIEL ROCK, D.D.: 1870.

8. *Official Reports of the Various Sections of the*

*Exhibition: Fine Arts Division.* Part IV. London: 1871.

9. *Report on Educational Works and Appliances in the Indian Department of the London International Exhibition, 1871.* By GEORGE SMITH, Esq., LL.D. Edinburgh. London: 1871.

10. *The Lace-makers.* By Mrs. MEREDITH. London: 1865.

11. *Les Guipures d'Art.* Par Mme. GOUBAUD. London: 1869.

12. *Pillow Lace.* By Mde. GOUBAUD. London: 1871.

13. *A History of Machine-wrought Hosiery and Lace Manufactures.* By WILLIAM FELKIN. London: 1867.

14. *Katalog der im Germanischen Museum befindlichen Gendee und Stickerien, Nadelarbeiten und Spitzen, aus alterer Zeit.* Nurnberg: 1869.

case in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so neither ought it to be so in our own.

As a book full of antiquarian research, or of curious statistics, Mrs. Bury Palliser's volume merits its place at the head of our list. Nowhere perhaps would it be possible to find under the head of Lace a greater number of historical and archaeological facts than she has collected in this book, which forms a real history of Lace, illustrative of the manners of past generations and of distant countries, while it is illustrated by many beautiful and well-rendered designs. In this way Mrs. Bury Palliser has supplied a want, and she has managed to make her subject popular by much of the gossip of history. If her modern statistics are not valuable, it is because all questions of wages and labour, demand and supply, depend on fluctuating causes which are sometimes obscure and often unexpected, since, we have just seen, a national struggle and an internecine war, can, in the space of a few months, revolutionize many local manufactures, and render former tables of figures out of date, and worthless. There is, however, one respect in which this History of Lace has not answered expectation: we mean with regard to the classification and nomenclature of Lace. Some of the curious errors which occurred in its first edition have been removed from the present one, but not the less must a collector, wishing to identify his specimens, and to learn *how* they were made, *where* they were made, and *when* they were made, rise from the perusal of this book more puzzled than informed, particularly when he sees the name *point* applied to fabrics which never were made, and never could be made with the needle. This is a dealer's error, really out of place in the book of a connoisseur, a term often ignorantly used in shops, but which it would be unpardonable to misapply in a museum, and no amount of antiquarian notes will avail to distinguish between laces if those broad distinctions are lost sight of by which alone Lace can be correctly classified.

With regard to laces, ancient and modern, it is a pity that no "natural system" of classification has ever been laid down. The collection exhibited at Leeds, by Mrs. Hailstone, in 1868, was indeed so classified, and it is only to be regretted that its owner did not in her beautiful catalogue more fully explain the reasons which had actuated her when she named her specimens on the best and simplest of all plans, namely, in right of their *nature* only.

Were this plan once introduced we are persuaded that it would never go out of fashion, for it is exceedingly simple. It is true that a great scholar is reported to have once (when extremely drunk) made use of a very improper expression with regard to the "nature of things;" and yet, in spite of the annoyance which it may have once caused Porson, it is "the nature of things," and nothing but "the nature of things," that can stand the collector in good stead in his search after knowledge.

Lace is then of three kinds: needle-made or *point*, cushion-made, or bobbin-lace, and machine-wrought; and these three kinds are so distinct as never to be confounded, and to have their separate standards of merit. A fourth place might perhaps be found for the composite class of *application* laces, in which all the three methods are mixed, as when pillow-made sprigs of Brussels, or Honiton, are applied by hand to a ground of machine-made net.

In order to be able to give the more undivided attention to the two first, we will at once dismiss this hybrid class, while for all details as to the third species of Lace, we content ourselves by referring the reader to Mr. Felkin's volume. The intention and progress of the Lace-making loom is there well traced and recorded by him, from the time that this miracle of ingenuity was first thought of in 1700, down to its latest development, and we think that machine-wrought lace has a future before it in the increasing luxury of our dwelling-houses, and in the improved teaching of our schools of design.

We now propose to speak of needle-made or *point* lace, which is first in order of value, and also of antiquity, being derived from the practice of needlework among the Eastern nations, and which in parts of Italy and Spain is still known by its Eastern name of *recami* or *reccammata*. This is the rarest, the most artistic, and, in many of its kinds, the most lasting of laces, while by means of its varied stitches numbers of objects can be well represented; thus flowers, fruits, figures, coats of arms, sacred emblems, and the best geometrical designs are to be seen among the trophies of the patient needle.

This point-lace is divisible into many sub-classes. Of these are *rose*, or raised point, called in France, *dentelle à fleurs volantes*. *Point-coupé*, or cutwork; *guipure*,\* or

\* The derivation of this word is much disputed. Bescherelle says it comes from "gulpoire—an instrument pour faire la frange torse." The Venetians, judging from their own habit of transposing

whipped; i.e. over-headed work, sewed over a rolled stuffing of parchment or cotton. *Punti a maglia*, work darned in upon the meshes of a netted (*reticella*) ground, and called in France *point-compté*, because these meshes are counted for the design. *Punti posati* is our *laid-work*. *Punti tirati* is *drawn-work*, where, as in hemstitch, all the warp threads are drawn out, and the woof ones are drawn together, and oversewed on a pattern. *Punti a stuora*, is work on a coarse mat-like foundation: *punti in gassi*, on the contrary, was probably on a *réseau* ground, as a Spanish dictionary says it is "*muy delgada y transparente*." *Punti reali* is, like satin-stitch, worked on a close material previously existing, and therefore belonging to a class of the true *recami*. This is the *plumetis* of the French *brodeuse*, and we have seen the robe of a West African savage elaborately covered with designs in this stitch, which were supposed to have a heraldic signification, and which were certainly admirably executed. Chain-stitch, the *tambour* of France and Scotland, is sparingly used in these old designs, where the stitch preferred to all others was that button-hole stitch by which the exquisite Venetian *punt in are* was formed on the foundation of a single thread.

The grounds of these true *point* laces are of distinct kinds: the best is the *réseau*, when the pattern lies on a net ground, as in the laces of Burano, Alençon, Argentan, and in the other needle *points* of Angleterre and Brussels. When parts of the design are connected with what look like small knotted cords, these are termed the *brides*, and the knots, or thorns, called the *picots*, are the test of a good worker.\*

The second kind of Lace is the pillow, or bobbin-made. This also is hand-wrought, and in it, by an ingenious association of threads, a wandering plait, more or less intricate, forms an agreeable design. As the root of all *point-lace* is to be found in needlework, so the root of all bobbin-made lace is to be found in a braid (*lacet*), or plait, made by weaving and plaiting threads together on a precise pattern or plan. The threads, fastened to small bobbins of bone, lead, or wood,† are

thrown across the pillow, and plaited round a number of pins; each pin represents a mesh, and in the work the threads traversing as they do from left to right, and right to left often weave at once the pattern and the ground. The work is far more laborious than could be imagined by anyone who had not tried it, though, by the position of the pillow, its fatigue can be greatly diminished or increased. The English worker lays the pillow on her lap, the Bohemian places it on a small stand in front of her, but the peasant of the Vosges sits on a very low stool, and takes what she calls her *tambour* between her knees, while she reproduces with astonishing rapidity those small medallions and sprigs, for every one of which perhaps many dozen bobbins have to be kept in motion.

Yet work done in this way, being as it were semi-mechanical, and admitting of a greater division of labour, must be in a measure inferior to true needle-made laces: being less deliberate, less finished, and less purely under the worker's own control, it is by so much a less perfect expression of any man's mind. It is less artistic, less spontaneous, it is more quickly made, and is therefore rather less costly. Not the less, however, do some of the fine cushion-laces, such as the coral-pattern of Naples and Lombardy, the *schlangennuster* of Germany, and the sprigs of Brussels and Honiton, deserve the greatest admiration, while in the modern fabric to which the nickname of "*cluny*" is given, we have copies on the pillow of some of the best *point* designs of the sixteenth century.

From the causes we have mentioned cushion-lace must of course be less fitted than is *point* for rendering the forms of natural objects: thus scrolls, arabesques, coral patterns, vandyke borders, and flowers of a conventional type have ever formed the staple of its designs, both in past centuries and in its present fashionable phase of reproduction by tape. One of its most homely forms is the coarse \* *torchon* lace to be found in France, Portugal, Galicia, Bohemia, Madeira, Dalecarlia, and the Tyrol, and which, now with one ground and now with another, may be seen edging altar-cloths in small and poor churches.

Pillow-laces, especially when they have network grounds, should be judged entirely from these *fonds* or grounds. The old ones, such as Mechlin, have generally a hexagonal mesh; but the *fond* of modern

letters, aver that it is but a corruption of "*punt in are*."

\* With regard to the best, the Italian method of making these *picots* or thorns, we refer our readers to Mrs. Hailstone's volume of "*Designs for Lace-making*."

† These materials have in different countries given different names to the bobbins, which in France are simply called "*les fuseaux*," but in Spain "*patillos*," in Venice "*mazoche*," in Genoa "*ossi*," in Tuscany "*piombini*," in Bohemia "*klopeln*," while Shakspeare called them "*the bones*."

\* *Torchon*, literally, a *duster*, a coarse cloth.

Valenciennes differs from that of the old school, as do the various *fonds* called of "Mirecourt" (wire-ground) "trolley," and "Ave Maria;" and all these are technicalities which have to be mastered before one is able to judge of Lace, since the local schools sometimes adopted each other's patterns, but never exchanged their methods of working the ground.\*

Some pillow-laces have *brides* and *picots* executed with wonderful success, so as to produce the effect of the *brides* and *picots* made by the needle; sometimes, as in Brussels laces, bobbin-made springs are joined by needle-work, and *points* are added, which made a composite fabric; and sometimes, as in the Calvados, the women use a peculiar stitch for fastening together scrolls made on the pillow; yet, notwithstanding the presence of these and other composite varieties, such as Limerick lace, and the *Halbe-Spitzen* of Germany, we hope that we have succeeded in proposing such a simple "natural system" as will always answer the question, "how was this piece of lace made?" All the sub-classes will have to be learnt by experience, by the use of the magnifying glass, and by the study of old books, as well as of the volumes which we have enumerated at the head of this article.

Having ascertained what any specimen of lace is — that is to say, *how* it was made — we take it for granted that the collector will go on to inquire *when* it was made?

To appreciate correctly the age of any piece of lace is no easy task. It is a great matter to be conversant with the best books of design, for these will at least give an approximate idea as to the date *before* which any piece of lace was not very likely to have been executed. But this is not all. Some manufactures, (sub-classes of point-lace,) such as the Alençon of the Colbert period, had but a brief duration, and others again, like the *dentelles à fleurs volantes* imported from Venice, had one term of life in Italy, and another in France, and he would be a bold man who should undertake to say of any kind of lace that it was never made in England. We believe that every lace made on the continent has been known and worked here, though it may be but in small quantities, and at dates differing from the time when they formed an actual school in Italy, France, or Germany. This point must be

borne in mind whenever the archæological question is put, and the date of the *work*, as recognized from the style, material and collateral evidences, and distinct from that of the *design*, must be ascertained before answering the question, if the specimen is of English manufacture.

Observation, study, and great experience are required to enable any one to judge correctly of the age of Lace, and even with all these it is much easier to guess, or to dogmatize, than to *know*. Without such qualifications a collector is most certain to be cheated, and what is more to cheat himself, since fancied resemblances, wear and tear, clever imitations, and clever mending all conspire to puzzle and to deceive him. If he listens to an ordinary dealer he will be struck by one curious fact, namely, that laces have a number of geographical names which prove a great addition to his difficulties. Yet we take it for granted that having settled *how* a specimen was made, and tried to settle *when* it was made, our collector is ready to ask, in the third place, *where* was it made? Now though some laces, like the *copanaki* (cotton) and *bi-beli* (silk lace) of Smyrna, are distinctively local, nothing can in nine cases out of ten be less certain than the *habitat* of laces, and yet, oddly enough, it has been (in the absence of the "natural system" of classification) on the geography of Lace that its nomenclature has hitherto been mainly allowed to depend.

The result has been the most admired confusion in our minds and in our cabinets, where laces are called "Greek" if they came last from Malta or Corfu (one piece possibly being *point coupé*, made with the needle, and another a border made on the pillow), and where we have specimens called Venetian, because they were bought in Verona, though they happen perhaps to be scraps of pillow-made Flemish, of a date prior to 1750. In the same way any lace bought in the Ghetto is set down as Roman, or perhaps as Milanese if "four braccia" exactly like it "were seen last month in a shop near the Duomo!" And so it goes on, and if at length the collector becomes gradually wise enough to suspect that his last Milanese investment may be genuine "Point d'Angleterre," his dismay is complete, and he is ready to give up in despair the task of naming his favourites according to any trustworthy plan. And yet, as there is such a thing as a geographical distribution of lace, there must be some clue to this labyrinth, and there is; in the history of the lace-schools,

\* The mesh of Lille was diamond-shaped; that of Mechlin was six-sided, but made with three threads; that of Valenciennes hexagonal, with two threads, which are sometimes twisted, and sometimes plaited. Old Honiton has two sides plaited, and two twisted.

and in the literature of Lace. These added to a minute investigation into the "nature of things," in the face of the best attested legends, will help us to a just decision.

Let no pedigree ever drive out of our minds the broad distinctions of fact; let us be fully convinced of this, that whatever have been the wanderings of a flounce in the three hundred years that have elapsed since "point de Venise" was in its perfection, no amount of time or space can change needle-made into bobbin-made, convert wandering braids into Guipure, or "fond de Mirecourt" into a *réseau* of Alençon.

The adventures of the flounce have given rise to its many *aliases*, and these adventures would be amusing enough if we could trace them. Let us say that the border in question was worked in some convent in the Euganean Hills for a prelate, who wore it above his purple, and gave it a fine mixed flavour of incense and candle-smoke, and of the close oak-chests of his sacristy. After his death a princess bought it—her thoughtless heirs sold it—a dishonest servant stole it—a prince's favourite flaunted in it—a needy mender pieced it, a Jew priced it, and sent it abroad, to be rebought, resold, reworn, retorn, remended, and so on till it reached the pawn-broker's shop in Paris, where the English lady bargained for it, who now laments that her "Spanish guipure" was so sadly torn at her last ball. If the poor lady's "Spanish guipure," besides having been torn is challenged, she asks plaintively how is she to know what her lace is?

She never will know, unless she will learn to distinguish point-lace from pillow-lace, studies the sub-classes of these two great divisions, and abandons the geographical idea, except as far as the schools of lace can be made to serve her purpose.

The schools had a geographical distribution. The beautiful geometrical designs of *point coupé* are of Eastern origin—Venice and Zante were their congenial homes. The *réseau*-ground laces of Alençon and Argentan, so well fitted for a courtiers ruffles, grew up round the court of the *Grand Monarque*. Cushion-laces, again, are a fashion of the more northern nations, existing often in poor and mountainous regions, such as Bohemia, the Tyrol, Dalecarlia, and the Vosges. In fact the girl who plies what Shakspeare called "the bones," will generally be found speaking a *patois*, and living remote from the great centres of industry.

Of all Lace-schools the school *par excellence* was that of Venice; and there, more than in any other place, lace took its place among the Fine Arts during the last half of the sixteenth and the first two decades of the seventeenth century.

Many causes contributed to this effect. The period of this Renaissance was one of luxury: tired of a creed which condemned the body, the Italians of that day were learning from the revival of Greek literature to worship beauty and fitness. This age, that laughed with Pietro Aretino, and smiled with La Gioconda, sang and supped, studied and doubted, and whether as princes, prelates or merchants, we see that the Medici, Sforzas, and della Roveres required for their pleasure all the services of all the arts. Miniatures for their books, cups for their tables, pictures for their walls, and domes for their churches—they asked all that art could make, and they were ready to reward it. And of all Italian cities none had then a richer or a gayier life than Venice. Those senators painted by Tintoret, those warriors of Giorgione's, were not anchorets, and those fair-haired beauties whom Titian drew were possibly not saints, nay, they were so extravagant in their expenditure and attire, that the rulers of the Republic passed sumptuary laws to restrain them. Every ornament that Venice could produce their fair ladies had already adapted to their dress; and not content with these, the manufactures of other countries were sought out and purchased by them in such quantities that the factories of the Republic were said to suffer. Her Inquisitors then took the matter in hand. Here is one of their sumptuary laws with regard to laces and braids given in the Senate, March 11th, 1653, and ordered to be published on the stairs of San Marco, and on the bridge of the Rialto, for the edification of the lieges:—

"In the matter of the wearing apparel of the women so also of the men, it is ordered that ladies shall not wear garments with gold, be these vestures, bodices, petticoats, or any other kind of clothing. . . On black clothes it shall be permitted for them to make use of one lace or *passament*, also black, and not exceeding two fingers in depth; the same to be fabricated in this city. On coloured clothes a lace or *passament* of gold or silver lace two fingers deep. . . On the head it shall be permitted to wear a cord of gold or silver, but no *argheroni* (*roque-laires*, a loose cape thrown on like a mantilla), real or false, or any sort. Their sleeves, veils, bibs, and tippets, or by whatsoever names they call them, shall be of any sort of cloth or gauze, at their good pleasure, provided they wear no laces, cords, or other adornments, neither made



in needle-point, Flemish point, or made in France, Flanders, or Lorraine, and that the intention of imitating these works is by all and for all prohibited, and that for any purpose whatsoever."

So spoke the *Magistrato delle Pompe*; and truly the products of Venice might have satisfied the most luxurious of her daughters. When these laws were affixed to the Rialto by the Commendatore Maroni, the artists of the Republic had long vied with each other in the production of beautiful designs for lace. We can only mention a few of the best known classics of the art of lace-making.

Perhaps the earliest volume known to collectors is the "*Esemplario di Lavori*," by Niccolò di Aristotele, called il Zopino: Venice, 1530; of which Merli does not hesitate to say, that the designs are so complex and beautiful "as to prove that the art was even at the commencement of the sixteenth century at the apex of perfection." Next in point of date we have the "*Convivio delle Belle Donne*," 1532; and the "*Giardinetto nuovo*," 1542; but if priority were to be accorded on account of excellence, the first place must be assigned to the "*Corona*" of Cesare Vecellio, a Venetian whom tradition long persisted in calling the brother of Titian. The work is not extremely rare, but it is exceedingly beautiful. Its editions are of 1591-2, 1600, and 1608. The well-known works of Federigo Vinciolo have also gone through many editions, and were translated into the French and German about 1599. Then we have a curious little volume, belonging to the collection of the late M. Yemenez, called "*Serena Opera nuova di Ricami*," 1564; a fine work by Mathio Pagan, 1518; a "*Lucidario di Ricami*," by Toretto, 1556; and many more works by Fabriani, Ciotti, Rossi, Pasini, Nardi, Folli, and Florini, generally called by such fanciful titles as the "*Specchio*," the "*Tesoro*," the "*Trionfo*," and the like. In 1558, appeared a book of gold braids, entitled "*Lo Splendore delle Virtuose Donne*," sold at the *Call' dell' Acqua San Zulian*, where it is to be feared that it may have acted as a corrective to the sumptuary laws of the Inquisitors of State. In fact the magistrates must have had their time fully occupied if they read, censured or licensed all the books and patterns which, in this prolific half-century, were offered to the ladies of Venice. Good artists took up the subject: for example, the two books of Calepino (1564) were illustrated by Zoan Andrea Vavassore, "*detto il Guadagnino*," or the usurer, a pupil of Man-

tegna's, who lived to a great age, turned his talents to various purposes, and was known as a copyist of every style then in repute including that of Albert Dürer. He was probably well paid for his lace plates, and he is by no means the only painter whom we see so employing his pencil. In those days Art may have been, as Mr. Longfellow says: it was, "still religion," but it was also bread-winning. Thus, when Geoffroi de Bourges would draw designs for tapestry, and Raffaellini del Garbo for Church embroideries, when Sansovino and Donatello modelled door-panels, and Raibolini engraved letters for the Aldine printers, what wonder then if the artist's hand is to be seen in books of lace; that when Raphael made cartoons for tapestry hangings, a Dürer should furnish six plates of *lacet* patterns, and il Guadagnino fill a volume with designs for *Cut-work* of Venice.

In referring, however, in this place to Venetian lace books and their compilers we do not wish to be supposed to have exhausted the subject of the ancient literature of Lace. Say rather that we have never entered on it, because our space forbids. A French book on Lace (1605), called "*Discours du Laci*," says of the subject—

"Et jamais ce discours ne se verront finy.  
Non plus que le laci qui serrent infny; "

and we find the same danger ahead of ourselves in this paper. There is so much that might be said of French, German, English, and Flemish books: of the fact that we have never yet met with a Spanish one: of the extraordinary collection that once belonged to M. Yemenez: of the collection exhibited by Mrs. Hailstone, so peculiarly rich in rare English volumes: of the libraries of Venice and Bologna; in short, the field is too large, and we prefer to refer our readers to a very exhaustive paper on the subject once published by M. d'Adda, in the "*Gazette des Beaux-Arts*,"\* and to the many beautiful volumes which in the British Museum and in the "*Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal*," in Paris, may be seen in unwontedly fine preservation. They will well repay inspection. In the meantime we have restricted ourselves to those, or to a few of those which are illustrative of the great Lace-School of Venice.

Their authors were not always laymen; for instance, there is one well-known book by Fra Hieronimo, an Observantine monk

of Friuli, and dedicated by him to a lady of the great Veronese house of Canossa. The clergy decidedly approved of books which rejoiced in such names as "Devoir des Filles," "Pompe di Minerva," or "Mirror of Virtuous Ladies;" in fact, their titles with hardly an exception harp on the duty of women to keep at home and employ their fingers; and really, when one has seen a few of the sites in Italy made tragic by the loves and hates of fair ladies, one cannot wonder that in such an age of violence and of unbridled passions an exhortation about "domum mansit, lanam fecit," should be frequently offered to the sex by their best friends. If one meeting at the masque served to inflame Romeo with love for the beautiful Capulet, if the real tragedy of Buondelmonte, and the intended tragedy of the Ricciardi bride are average specimens of the mischief which in those days a woman's face could cause and a woman's heart compass, small wonder, then, that an Observantine praised the needle, and that the sign of the tortoise, the emblem of a home-keeping woman, might be often seen as the vignette of these books about Lace.

The Church, however, apart from any educational prestige which lace-making might possess, fostered the art for its own sake. Look at Cardinal Bentivoglio's portrait by Vandyck; how superbly the lace lies over his robes. Such churchmen were not likely to be easily satisfied; and there was always the altar, deserving the best work that pious fingers could execute. The very mysteries of the Sacrament were covered with veils of lace; and when both religion and common life had had their share of such decoration, death claimed a due, and demanded lace for the shroud and the sheet!

Such, then, was the lace school of Venice in its palmy days, when cunning fingers sewed it, artistic pencils designed it, and when there were not wanting willing and able pens to describe the varied beauties of *trine*, *ricami*, and *merletti*.\*

The Venetian patterns of this period are simply the best that ever existed.

\* The derivations of these names are interesting and suggestive. "*Trine*," from the Spanish verb to interlace by plaiting, and *trena*, a plait. "*Ricami*," from a Hebrew term, to design, and to work upon a ground already existing. "*Merletti*," from "*merlo*," a battlement, denoting thus a pointed, toothed border. In the same way (alabrian pillow-lace is called "*pezzi*," or little pieces, i.e. tags, or *puntati*, a form of *punti*, points, or stitches, and of the Venetian verb, *posteggiare*, to trim with lace-stitches. The German word *spitze* means simply point, i.e. of the needle; though it is applied to bobbin and machine-made articles.

Gothic, Saracenic, and Renaissance designs were all adapted for their use. On one page we see the trefoil, quatrefoil, the cinquefoil and the circle, with all possible combinations of the vertical and the horizontal line: on another the Cross with all its accessories and emblems, while the sacred monograms, and the Lily of the Annunciation, furnish a second store of patterns. Then come heraldic devices, perhaps the arms of the della Roveres worked in with those of another noble Italian house for some bride's trousseau: to be followed by scrolls of the finest cinquecento design, or by more realistic wreaths and vases, "bells and pomegranates," and finally by delicate arabesques, and those careful geometric patterns of which the derivation is truly Oriental. There is a copy of the Koran, now in the Royal Library of Windsor, of which the borders forcibly recall the lace patterns of Cesare Vecelli, and there can be no doubt but that Venice did draw much of her inspiration from Oriental sources. The whole art of Venice, like much of that of Spain and of Sicily, has this strongly Eastern tinge. The Moorish-looking windows that look down into the canals: the wall-veil decorations of a hundred tints that incrust the façades of her palaces: the passion for splendid colours which her artists have perpetuated in the robes of the people they painted: the strange greens and yellows, and the striped draperies so dear to Paul Veronese: the general use of gold thread and embroidery on clothes;†—all these are things reminding us of the East, of that East which sent into the port of Venice the arts, the raiment, the barbaric pearl and gold, the apes and peacock, the spices and sweet wines of the Levant.

In industrial design, in the elaboration and repetition of the *infiniment petit*,† the East has ever excelled. Let any art-student examine for himself the textile fabrics and embroideries in the South Kensington Museum, and then let him take note of those now (thanks to Dr. Forbes Watson's care), so well arranged in the Museum of the India Office, and he will be struck at once by the difference between Eastern and Western art. How much imagination, pathos, quaint ugliness, and infinite variety is there not in the needle-work of medieval Germany and France!

\* "Valance of Venice gold in needle-work."—*Taming of the Shrew*.

† "L'étude des infiniment petits a pris dans l'histoire de l'Art une grande importance," Cav. G. d'Adda.

The German orphreys of the latter part of the fifteenth century (no. 8667), a piece of Italian embroidery of the same date (no. 1260), with some of the table covers, hoods (no. 8333), pede-cloths, and maniples exhibited at South Kensington are so many poems or pictures in needlework. After making due allowance for the discolouration and damage done by time to such specimens as the celebrated Syon Cope, we still feel that in these works of art it is always their *matter* and *manner* rather than their *material* which must have attracted. Turn again to the Oriental fabrics and embroideries at the India Museum. What limited imagination and illimitable patience, what perfect contrast of colours, what gorgeousness of line and material, what unity of design, what uniform excellence of execution! How much more gratified here is the eye, how much more readily tired is the mind! The East seems to think as it were but once; she decides, and in her decision errs not, so she can trust to this perfection to atone for her repetitions. The West, far more tentative, and never truly satisfied with her own success, alters, and rarely repeats. One country only there is that in this, as in many other respects, seems to hold a middle position between these two influences. We mean Russia, whose church stuffs and embroideries have about them much of Eastern splendour and monotony of design. Even the coarse pillow-laces made by the peasants in some of her governments, for example, in that of Moscow, have a semi-Oriental tinge, and suggest rather the border of an Indian vase or shawl than the works of Western Europe. Did this characteristic of Russian art come to her as it did to Venice from the East, from Byzantine waters? or is there not a missing link to be seen in the gold embroideries of Tiflis, and in the needlework of the Tartar women of the Crimea, whose embroideries on crape have a great affinity with those of Upper India? It almost looks as if Russia, preserving the memory of her Tartar invaders, as we know that she does in some of her customs, many of her idioms, and in not a few proper names, had also derived from them her needlework and embroideries. If this could be proved, the fact would be doubly interesting from the very certain one that it is to her Mohammedan conquerers that India owes her needlework and the rise of her textile arts.

We have said so much about the Eastern derivation of Venetian art, because the derivation of any art is always a curious

subject and one replete with interest, whether looked at from the artistic or from the ethnological point of view. The planting in of any industry is a simpler subject, but also not without its attractions. One of the greatest successes that ever was achieved in the way of transplanting, as far as Lace is concerned, was that of the minister Colbert when he established the manufactures of Alençon.

It is not only in the matter of "point d'Alençon," its origin, history, and duration, that Mrs. Bury Palliser's account is unsatisfactory, but she fails, we think, to appreciate the difficulties with which the Minister had to contend, as well as the wide scope of his undertaking. We propose, therefore, to throw a good deal of new light on his proceedings by referring to the State Papers of Venice, begging the reader as we do so to bear in mind the only good French laces not made on the pillow came from that school. How much trouble and intrigue it cost Colbert to import and transplant the art will be seen from some letters which are courteously placed at our disposal by Mr. Rawdon Brown, than whom no one is better acquainted with the contents of the Venetian archives, and these papers have been extracted by him with great care and judgment from those of the Inquisitors of State.

"Colbert," says Mrs. Bury Palliser, "in 1665, at the recommendation of the Sieur Ruel, selected Madame Gilbert, a native of Alençon, already acquainted with the art of making Brussels point, and making her an advance of 50,000 crowns, established her at his château of Louray, near Alençon, with thirty forewomen whom he had, at great expense, caused to be brought over from Venice" (p. 140). By these workwomen hangs a tale: Colbert, not content with the admirable Mme. Gilbert, had another lady in his service, a Mme. de Bris, the wife of one of his clerks, who at his request and probably at his charges went to Italy "to see the curiosities of Rome and Venice," and in reality to induce female workers to emigrate to France. She had an accomplice in Venice, Mme. de Ternié, also a Frenchwoman, who residing there, learned all that was to be learned in the Republic, and also bribed workers to leave their country for the service and rewards of King Louis, and of a Minister who displayed in all this affair an amount of caution and of astuteness worthy of the Scottish parentage of which he was so proud. The news of his machinations and of their successful results in the rise of a

great French school of point lace, came at last to the ears of the Senate, not because they were discovered in Venice, but because they were reported to them by their envoy in Paris.

In August 1567, Marc Antonio Giustinian wrote:—

"Most illustrious and excellent my masters:—The war\* which ought to induce all minds to apply themselves to great things, does not avail to divert your sons from small matters, and with regard to them they form no great hopes. . . . Venice point, that called *lavoro d'aria* has been introduced here a year since, and the tradespeople who have taken it up have laboured at it with great assiduity, though I know not with what gain to themselves. Now they are exerting themselves to the utmost to draw profit from it, and they have got up a fund for the business, 400 *lire* of their money, the whole with the help and consent of the Minister Colbert. . . . It is even in deliberation to induce by large promises a certain pattern designer, Pietro, that he might come to his city. He is at the head of his profession. The surname of this person I would have you know is Margeri, but he is vulgarly called Pietro Cabotto . . . They wish to alienate and secure to themselves the very first masters of this art. I bring this under notice of your eminences."

Whether Il Cabota went to France or not, we cannot tell, but the complaints and warnings go on. The ambassador, Michiel, writes:—"Paris, October 14, 1671. . . . Gallantly is the Minister Colbert on the way to bring the *lavori d'aria* to perfection. This is called Venice point, and is a thing allowed by every one to be very difficult to render with any perfectness. . . ." He goes on to tell of Mme. de Bris and her intrigues, and says that "he (meaning Colbert) is open-eyed to all that regards the functions of my ministry." That the Venetians were both jealous and uneasy appears again some ten years after the first warning, when Domenico Contarini boasts that "he has penetrated the intentions of this Minister Colbert to transplant into this kingdom factories of sublimates, *ceruse*, and, *cinabri di Venezia*." He promises to take all steps in his power to prevent these injuries to his native country, "too much prejudiced already by the manufacture in France of mirrors and *punt' in aria*, which work they can now do here to admiration. Paris: April 14, 1677."

In ten years, then, the art had been acquired and an industry established which threatened the schools and workrooms of Venice. This *punt' in aria*, however, like

the *guipures* and *dentelles à fleurs volantes*, did not remain in fashion in France; ruffles and laces, more adapted to the use of the tailor and the milliner, were demanded, and of all the laces made and taught in Venice, the *réseau* groundwork of Burano alone maintained its place and gave birth to the *réseau* grounded *point d'Alençon*, so much and so justly admired.

It was fashion which in France, and in the Low Countries, first demanded net-ground laces, and whether made by needle, by bobbins, or by loom, it is this net-ground which has been, and still is, preferred for most practical purposes. Even as a pillow work it is extraordinarily tedious to make,\* but fashion must be gratified, and so the demand, and with it the supply increase year by year. At present the general favourites are Valenciennes, that true *dentelle linge*, and servant of all work, and black silk laces from the shores of the Mediterranean. Genoa, Malta, and the island of Gozzo produce these in amazing quantities, but they are also to be got in the Vosges, and there is a species produced in the Bohemian highlands which, though pricked from Maltese patterns, is inferior both in handling and in the hue of the silk to the laces of the South of Europe. Something might surely be done by the Chambers of Commerce to remedy the defect in the material, and there is every encouragement to do so since the success which has attended the Archduchess Sophia's Bohemian schools for the making of Brussels lace. Both *plat point* and *point d'aiguille* have been mastered in that country, and the thread is got direct from Brussels. In the same way with the school in the female prison (Piazza delle Termini) in Rome. There fourteen Belgian nuns, of the order "de la Providence," control, and nurse and teach a couple of hundred outcasts of the Roman populace, employing them in a manufacture of which those who have either visited the workroom, or seen the specimens exhibited in Paris in 1867, will readily admit the success. These nuns import from Belgium the patterns, the bobbins, and the thread. And here we would venture to offer a suggestion to those interested in the reproduction of laces, and in the establishment of lace-schools, whether at home or in the Colonies. Get the best designs, get the best materials, get the best teachers, and import them all. Archduchess Sophia did

\* The War of the Succession, terminated by the Peace of Breda, 1667.

\* A piece of Valenciennes exhibited in progress, at Paris in 1867, had 1,200 bobbins attached to it.

so in Bohemia; and then out of her school, at first taught by Belgian women, a set of scholars has come who are now able to teach in their turn.

It is in vain to hope to copy lace faithfully with different materials. If the thread be coarser or finer, if it weighs but a few fractions more or less, and be a little more or a little less tightly twisted: if the bobbin be heavier or lighter, and so pulls the work but a trifle more, and if the pattern has been pricked by some one unaccustomed to that particular kind of design, how can the result be satisfactory? It is sure to be extremely the reverse, and after all the labour and expense thrown away upon it, an article with an insufficient edge, with a jumble of Moorish and Christian devices, with ill-turned corners and with gaping loops, will but ill repay those who have tried to get foreign laces copied or adapted in England.

Yet such laces are both made and bought — only a want of culture in purchasers and wearers maintaining such bad art in our manufactures. Mr. Matthew Arnold has filled many pages with eloquent hints that we are in many things but Philistines at the best, and in this particular it would, indeed, seem as if culture were often wanting. Add to this our impatience of the labour and time required for the honest elaboration of any work, so called, of art, and we shall have to confess that while the causes of our deficiencies remediable. Why have we no such laces as those of Bayeux, no such blondes as those of Calais? Why do people make and buy tape and crochet imitations, and why are the peasantry of Bucks always to make worse lace than those of the Puy and the Vosges? Because they have no sense of excellence, and no teachers. Because such schools as those of Cappelquin, and of the Catholic Orphanage at Liverpool are the exception, not the rule; because we have no good local collections, as at Le Puy, and because our public one at South Kensington is, both in its arrangement and in its catalogue, the reverse of satisfactory. We are accordingly not surprised to find that in the International Exhibition Report of 1871, the specimens of Lace are declared to be "neither numerous nor of varied kinds. We hope in future years to welcome many more contributions, and we desire to encourage many other contributors. The very high prices obtained by dealers in old lace ought, surely, to stimulate the efforts of the present age. Why

should not such a price be attainable in the nineteenth as it was in the sixteenth century?"

The statistics of the Lace trade in Ireland, and its history as narrated by Mrs. Meredith, do not alter our opinion. Take, for example, the fate of the crochet imitation which once in the districts of Cork and Clones employed so many thousand hands. Is its remuneration in 1871 what it was in 1857? Very far from it, for the manufacture which possessed no merit but its ingenuity, has almost fallen into disuse. Would a more artistic article always maintain its value? We believe that it would, and therefore it is that we hail with pleasure not only the attempts at the reproduction of Lace in this country, but also a scheme for its manufacture in India. A plan for this purpose has originated with Dr. Forbes Watson, and we need not tell visitors to the Museum of the India Office, or remind readers of this Review,\* of his perfect acquaintance with the people of India, their dresses, their textile fabrics, and their aptitude for all the arts and appliances of ornamentation. Apt they are, indeed, and yet to judge by the specimens of work taught in the Mission Schools of India, one would say that much was being done to destroy the artistic sense of young India, by the well-meaning persons who have introduced Indian children to the tawdry mats, and samplers of Western civilization. It became necessary, then, for Dr. Forbes Watson to choose with some judgment the soil in which to sow the seeds of a new industry which will assuredly be nothing if not artistic. Considering the needlework of the East as likely to be still what its *ricami* were of old, at once the forerunner and the best nurse for Lace, Dr. Forbes Watson will probably take as the nucleus of his operations those Mussulman houses in Calcutta which are exclusively occupied in embroideries made by the needle. Trained to its use those Oriental fingers may be trusted to produce all the *punti* of Venice, and to give us work as artistic as was ever made in the isles of Greece or on the shores of the Adriatic. We wish good speed, then, to an undertaking which seems to have for its very foundation a propriety and fitness in the "nature of things." But these fingers must be well taught, and with a hope of success before us, it will surely be worth while to give this school the best materials and the best instructors, otherwise we shall be found to contribute only to the decay of

\* Edin. Rev. vol. cxxvi. p. 125.



indigenous art, and as regards Lace to fall into a line of "imitation" laces only; that is, of getting an inferior representation by inferior methods, with inferior materials, of what is in itself good and worthy of being reproduced. Now, if Colbert could succeed, and by painstaking and a ten years' effort get for France not imitations, but a transplanted and adapted excellence, this Indian project ought not to be allowed to drop or fail.

To impart a new industry to the greatest of our dependencies, to revive an all but extinct art on a great and remunerative scale, to obtain well-executed point lace at a moderate cost, while we employ many hands in a novel way of breadwinning, is not a trivial task or an unworthy hope. It has a bearing on the practical education and welfare of some portion of mankind, and as such it would seem to elevate the love of Lace as a taste, and the reproduction of Lace as a Fine Art, a good deal above the mere study of things infinitely small.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### QUAINT CUSTOMS IN KWEI-CHOW.

It has been said that China is the only country in the world where fashion is not synonymous with change; and there undoubtedly is an unparalleled degree of monotony in the customs, habits, and ideas of the whole pig-tailed race. With the exception of differences in the pronunciation of the language and of varieties of climate, Canton or any large city in the south of China, is but a reflection of Peking or of any large city in the north, and *vice versa*. The same style of architecture is observable in the buildings, and exactly the same customs prevail among the people, who have been robbed of all originality and power of thought by the constant contemplation, as models of supreme excellence, of the ancients and their works. It is a relief, then, to find that amidst these priggish monotonists there are to be found people who know not Confucius, who despise pig-tails and their wearers, and to whom the *Book of Rites* is a sealed letter.

In the north-eastern corner of the Province of Yunnan rises a chain of mountains, which, winding its way through the southern portion of the province of Kwei-chow, passes through a part of Kwang-se, and gradually melts away into the plains on the east of the Kwang-tung frontier. The whole of this thin line of highland terri-

tory, measuring about 400 miles, and running through the southern centre of the Empire, is virtually independent of China. Its inhabitants acknowledge no allegiance to the Emperor, entirely ignore the authority of the mandarins, and hold only just as much communication with their more civilized neighbours of the plains as suits their purposes. By these they are known by the generic name of Miao-tsze, which is made to include the numerous tribes who inhabit the whole range. Ethnology is not a study consecrated by the labours of Confucius, and is therefore lightly esteemed by his disciples, consequently little is to be learnt of the antecedents of the Miao-tsze from Chinese sources, and the difficulty of penetrating into the mountain recesses has left us equally ignorant of their manners and customs. They are by no means well disposed towards travellers, and show a decided preference for their money to their company. No European has ever ventured into their retreats, and Chinese travellers never willingly trust themselves amongst them. Enough, however, may be gathered from the brief notices to be found in Chinese books to affirm that they are, for the most part, offshoots from the great Lao nation which had its original seat in Yunnan, and which has spread its branches westward to South-Eastern India, southward to Siam, and eastward through the provinces of Kwei-chow, Kwang-se, and Kwang-tung. Though living in the immediate neighbourhood of the Chinese of the surrounding plain-country, they have never shown any disposition to amalgamate with them. Inter-marriage between the two races is unknown, and almost the only means the two people have of obtaining intimate knowledge of each other are furnished by the perpetual foraging expeditions undertaken by the mountaineers upon the farms and villages of the Chinese. Notwithstanding the contempt with which the latter affect to regard the Miao-tsze, they now studiously abstain from invading their territory, and have contented themselves with establishing military posts along the foot of the mountains to check their descents on to the plains. These garrisons to a certain extent fulfil their object, but are often overpowered; and not many years ago an army of 30,000 Miao-tsze soldiers utterly routed an Imperial force sent to chastise them.

Brief, dry, and not altogether trustworthy accounts of the Miao-tsze are to be found in some of the official topograph-

ical and dynastic histories common to Chinese literature; and wild legendary tales are told of them in badly-printed pamphlets, which are sold for a few cash in the cities in the vicinity of their haunts. Neither of these sources of information are in any way satisfactory. The histories, which are written with an evident purpose of making things pleasant to the reigning house, when dealing with the mountain tribes, only disclose such information possessed by the writers as is likely to find favour with their Imperial master; and pamphlets which describe the mountaineers as monsters in appearance and demons in cruelty can be of no possible value to any one. To students of ethnology, therefore, an illustrated Chinese manuscript in the British Museum possesses more than ordinary interest.

This work is anonymous, and relates only to the tribes which inhabit that part of the range of mountains above referred to, situated within the limits of Kwei-chow. The author is, or was, probably a native of that province, and, though his work lacks detail, he yet places before us a tolerably complete and evidently authentic picture of the various tribes and their customs, while the illustrations which accompany the text give us a very good idea of their physiognomy. Vaguely, they are all called Miao-tsze; but more accurately, they should be classified in three divisions, namely, the Lao, the Chung-tsze, and the Miao-tsze; these, again, are subdivided by the writer into thirty-eight clans. The Lao, as their name at once points out, are a branch of the race which now inhabits the country to the north of Siam and west of Burmah. From some similarity of language, the Chung-tsze would also appear to be of the same family, and to the Miao-tsze belongs the honour of being the descendants of the original occupiers of that part of China. The point which appears most astonishing in the work to which we have referred is the extreme diversity of customs, dress, and civilization existing between tribes which occupy a district of scarce a hundred miles in extent. In this limited space, a Chinese Darwin might study the different phases in the rise of man, from something very like a brute beast to a highly-cultivated state in which arts and sciences flourish and excel. Cannibals, troglodytes, and nameless savages live within a few miles of tribes possessing the civilization of China, and more than her skill in mechanical arts. Men who marry their wives without form or ceremony, and bury each other without

coffins, are neighbours of those who employ the whole paraphernalia of go-betweens and ritualistic ceremonies in securing their brides, and spend fortunes on the funeral corteges which accompany their deceased relatives to their graves. Nor can we point to these distinctions as being peculiar to the people of either of the three races. Amongst the Miao-tsze, we find both the most savage and the most cultivated clans. We have, for instance, the Pa-fan-miao, who dress like Chinamen, lead quiet industrious lives, and employ agricultural machinery very little inferior to our own, and in the next district we find another Miao tribe of violent and lawless savages, who wreak supreme vengeance on their enemies by killing and eating them, possibly under the impression common in New Zealand, that by so doing they destroy both body and soul. In direct opposition to the Chinese custom, the widows of this clan make a point of remarrying, and invariably wait to bury their "dear departed" until their nuptials have been again celebrated. This they call "a funeral with a master," from which expression it would seem that their women are held to be incapable of presiding at any ceremony or feast. Fortunately for stray travellers, these cannibals celebrate their annual holiday in the eleventh month by bolting their doors and remaining at home, thus, for that time at least, rendering themselves harmless to their neighbours. The customs of some of the Miao clans are very similar to those of the hill tribes of Chittagong, more especially in the matter of courtship, which is conducted amongst them in a free-and-easy way which is not without its attractions. In the "leaping month," the young men and women of the Chay-chai tribe develop a decided taste for picnics by moonlight, when, under the shadow of trees in secluded glens, the girls sing to the music of their lovers' guitars. The singing of these women is spoken very highly of, and adopting the principle of selection followed, according to Darwin, by birds, the youths choose as their wives those who can best charm their ears. This tribe are said to be descendants of 600 soldiers who were left in the mountains by a general Ma on his return from a victorious campaign in the south, and hence bear also the name of the "six hundred men-begotten Miao." But as this self-same story is told with variations of other highlanders in China, as well as of some in Burmah, it must be accepted *cum grano salis*.

The spring-time, with most of these

children of nature, appears to be especially devoted to wooing and mating. It is then that young men and maidens of the "Dog-eared Dragon" clan erect a "Devils' staff," *anglicè* a May-pole, in some pretty nook, and dance round it to the tune of the men's castanets, while the girls, posturing with bright-coloured ribbon-bands, keep time with feet and voice. One can picture the contemptuous horror with which the Chinese chronicler, accustomed to the strict etiquette prescribed by the *Book of Rites*, regarded this custom, to which he applies these words, "In this irregular manner they choose their wives and marry." There are four subdivisions of this tribe, known respectively as the "Stirrups," the "Big-heads," and the "Tsang bamboos." Though there may be said to be little in common between the clan known as the Flowery Miao and ourselves, there is one bond which connects us. Their women wear false hair. Their manner, however, of obtaining it is somewhat different to that adopted amongst ourselves, for not having arrived at a sufficiently civilized state to have established a market in human hair, they take what they want from the tails of horses. These people, also, delight in open air amusements, and vary their *al fresco* musical performances on the "sang," a kind of rude hand-organ, and castanets, with dancing and frolicsome play, which not unfrequently ends in precipitate marriages. Their funeral rites are peculiar. They bury their dead without coffins of any kind and choose the ground for the grave by throwing down an egg. If the egg breaks in the fall the omen is unpropitious, and they try elsewhere; if it does not break they accept the sign as marking the spot as a fitting one for their purpose. One other clan of Miao, named the "Black," manage their love affairs in the same unrestricted fashion. They also choose the spring for their amours, and at that season the youth of both sexes assemble on the lofty mountain peaks to feast and make merry. The act of drinking together out of the same horn is considered as equivalent to the marriage bond. The young men of this tribe are called Lohan and the young women Lcoupei. These words are not Chinese, but are probably in the dialect of one of the many mountain tribes who inhabit the country between Burmah and China. A peculiar and fantastic device is adopted by the youths and maidens of the Keayew-chung tribe to mark their preference for one another. In the "leaping-month"

they make coloured balls with strings attached, and throw them at those whose affections they desire to gain. Tying the balls together is considered a formal engagement of marriage. Only in one of these mountain tribes does there appear to be any trace of "marriage by capture." The women of the Ta-ya-kuh-lao tribe go through the marriage ceremony with dishevelled hair and naked feet — evidently a relic of the time when brides were snatched from savage parents by savage wooers. Amongst them also we find the custom prevalent of disfiguring a woman on her marriage. The Chinese writer tells us that brides are compelled to submit to the extraction of their two front teeth in order to prevent their biting their husbands. The actual reason for which this piece of cruelty is perpetrated is of course the same as that which induces Japanese girls to blacken their teeth on marriage, namely to diminish their personal attractions in the eyes of strange men. The queerest, but not the least known, custom observable among the Miao-tsze is that of the "couvade." When a woman of the Tse-tsze-miao tribe gives birth to a child, her husband takes her place in the bed while she gets up and performs not only her usual household duties, but nurses with the utmost care the pseudo invalid. For a whole month the husband "lies in" and the completion of his period is made the occasion of feasting and rejoicing. Marco Polo mentions this custom as prevailing among the natives of Yunnan, and as it is entirely unknown amongst the Chinese, the probability is that the clan of which we speak are descendants of the Lao who inhabited that province in the days of the great Venetian traveller.

The religious belief of the various clans seems to be of the most primitive kind. Few traces of Buddhism are found amongst them, while the Chinese ceremony of sacrificing to ancestors is largely practised, accompanied with many quaint customs. A man of the "White" Miao, when desirous of sacrificing, chooses a bullock from the herd, trims his horns, fattens him up, and when the time arrives, sets him to fight with his neighbours' cattle. If he comes off victorious, the omen is considered lucky, and he pays for his triumph with his life. The chief worshipper on the occasion wears white clothes, and divides the flesh of the bullock between his friends and acquaintances. With a tribe of Lao it is the custom, when the eldest son of a household has completed his seventh year, for the father to perform

the ceremony known as "dismissing the Devil." To accomplish this laudable object the parent makes a straw dragon to represent his Satanic Majesty, and having stuck five variously coloured paper flags on his back, he takes him out into the desert and offers sacrifice to him. The ancient rite of sending away the scape-goat would appear to underlie this custom, and it is possible that the flags may typify the five Chinese cardinal sins. The gathering in of the harvest is attended amongst the Se-miao with great rejoicings. In each district an ox is sacrificed, and men and women in holiday attire dance and sing round it to the tune of the "sang." This rite is called sacrificing to the White Tiger, and is followed in the evening by a feast of fowls and wine, after which the revellers "call on the spirits" by jödelling to one another.

The influence enjoyed by the women is here, as everywhere, in inverse ratio to the savageness of the tribes. In some an equality of labour with the men gains for them respect and consideration, and their good services in restraining the anger of their husbands and settling disputes are in much request. Among one tribe of Lao the widow, on the death of her husband, takes the lead in the family affairs, even to the exclusion of the eldest son, and is attended on horseback, and has the same respect shown to her as was due to her deceased husband. In this clan polygamy is allowed, but the children of the Nai-teh, or wife, are alone looked upon as legitimate. Among other tribes we find the women as uncivilized as those just referred to are respected, and as immodest in their attire as those are particular. A short jacket, open in front, is all that some of them wear on their bodies, and still shorter petticoats without trousers complete their costume. They have also a most unladylike passion for strong drink, and are constantly seen lying about on the mountains in a most unmistakable condition. Their one redeeming quality is their love for cold water, and the wonder of the Chinese writer was not a little excited by finding them bathing in the mountain-streams in the height of winter. In common with some of the Maio, the Chung-tsze show a decided propensity for "the road." The wives of these footpads are left at home to mind the plough while their lords lie in wait in bands for solitary travellers. Having seized on a prize, they fasten a large wooden frame round his neck, and march him off to their encampment, where they

rob him of everything valuable he has about him. If they are disappointed in the amount obtained they often ill-treat their victim savagely. When meditating a predatory expedition, they seek to learn its issue by casting lots with bits of grass, and religiously regulate their movements in accordance with the answers obtained. The "Black" Chung-tsze, a tribe living in the neighbourhood of the provincial capital, are by far the most advanced in the arts of commerce. They deal largely with the Chinamen of the plain in mountain timber, and have a regular system of borrowing money for trading purposes, on security furnished by their well-to-do clansmen. Their honesty in paying money thus borrowed is proverbial, and the means they employ of compelling occasional defaulters to meet their engagements is worth recording. On becoming aware of the fraudulent intention of his debtor, the creditor reports the matter to the surety, and then digs up from the defaulter's ancestral tombs as many bones of his progenitors as he can carry away with him. This is called "seizing the white and releasing the black." As soon as the money is refunded the bones are released from pawn. The people of only one tribe, and that of the Miao, are mentioned as living in caves. These, for the most part, excavate their houses in precipitous cliffs, and gain access to them by means of bamboo ladders.

In appearance the various mountain clans differ very little from each other, but between their general physiognomy and that of the Chinese there is a wide gulf. They are shorter, darker, and are possessed of sharper features than their pigtailed neighbours. In their habits they are less constrained, and there is a bright joyousness about the youth of both sexes which is very taking. For the most part the men wear turbans of either blue or red cloth, and almost invariably carry the "dao," or knife, *sinicé* "tao," which is common also to the hill tribes of Chittagong. A few of the women wear a kind of cap; but only those of the tribe which admits them to the supreme management of family affairs wear turbans. That the existence of these small independent tribes should be possible in the midst of such a large and homogeneous race as the Chinese is passing strange; and although no doubt the inaccessible nature of their mountain fastnesses is their main protection, yet a further reason must be sought for in their superior warlike spirit to account for their having been able to maintain their inde-

pendent and distinct existence for so many centuries. The Chinese Government has never been indifferent to their presence, but though it has repeatedly attempted to subjugate and absorb them, it has always failed, and at present appears to be as far from attaining its object as it was a decade of centuries ago.

Translated for the Living Age. From the *Revue Des Deux Mondes*.

#### THE VENUS OF MILO.

DURING the siege of Paris by the German army, the minister of public instruction and fine arts had the Venus of Milo taken from the Louvre and deposited in a cellar. She was brought back from this place of safety to the Museum of Antique Sculptures toward the end of last June. The official account of the process of removal and transportation, which was drawn up on the spot, states that the statue has in no way suffered; that, softened by the dampness, fragments of the plaster employed to solder together the pieces of which it is composed, have become detached, but the marble is intact.

From the accounts, published by M. Dumont d'Urville, M. de Marcellus, and M. de Clarac, upon the discovery of the Venus of Milo in 1820, and upon her arrival at the Louvre in 1821, it was known that this statue was found in several pieces, that it was first shipped on a Turkish vessel, and afterwards successively on the storeship *La Chevette*, on the schooner *L'Estafette*, and on the storeship *La Lionne*, and, at last, that, in the laboratory of the Louvre, the pieces were put together as they now stand.

The fall of the plaster which disguised the joinings, permits us to give a more exact account of the number of divisions of the statue, and of the form and situation of the parts. It has revealed to us a notable difference between the manner in which the parts must have originally been connected, and that in which they have since been placed; a difference, still greater, between the actual equilibrium of the whole figure, and that which must formerly have belonged to it. Happily it seems possible to do away with these differences, without harming the marble in the least, and thus to give back to the statue its original appearance and expression.

#### I.

THE Venus of Milo was found in 1820, by a peasant, in a burying vault of the ancient Melos, and was then in two large pieces. There were, besides, other fragments, which had been detached from it, and the knot of hair at the back of the head was broken off in the transportation from the vault to the Turkish vessel, but was immediately replaced in its original position. In this condition it arrived at the Louvre. M. de Clarac, at that time conservator of the Museum of Antique Sculptures, published soon afterwards the following description: "The statue was divided into two principal pieces, whose surfaces, where they joined, were perfectly smooth, and which were formerly united by a strong bolt. The seam, which divides it horizontally, about the middle of the body, is two inches on the right, and five on the left, below the beginning of the mass of folds which envelopes the waist (read; hips). To these two main divisions, the fragments, which formerly belonged to it, must be restored."

As the adjoining surfaces of the two principal pieces are smooth and regular, we cannot suppose that they are the fragments of a statue originally made in one piece, and then, by accident, broken in two. Adhering to the terms of the description, it would not be equally impossible to believe that it was sawn asunder, perhaps with a view to facilitate its transportation. However, if we examine the adjoining surfaces, we see that they were not separated by a saw, but that they have been wrought with chisel and tooth-chisel, in order that they might be placed the one on the other. In fact the centre has been cut with a tooth-chisel, that is to say, rather roughly, and a little hollowed inward from the edges, which have been more delicately worked with a chisel, that the joining might be as exact as possible. It is, therefore, incontestable that the Venus of Milo is made of two blocks, first separate and then united.

There are numerous examples of ancient statues showing added pieces of the same date as all the rest; but they are generally pieces placed at some extremity, where the marble was defective. By the side of the Venus of Milo we can cite very few statues of any importance, cut in choice marble and made of two nearly equal pieces. One can hardly understand how, in a country where marble, and especially Parian marble, of which the Venus of Milo is made, is so easily found in blocks



of large dimensions, such an artist as the author of this statue should not have taken the pains, or should not have found the means, to procure a piece of marble of sufficient size. It may be said, it is true, that the Venus of Milo did not belong to that very ancient period when they were not easily satisfied with anything, when a religious care was carried even into the choice of the materials. Executed in a broad manner, without scrupulous search after detail, it is, according to all appearance, one of those works which Greek artists, at the time when art was most fruitful and most free, undertook without much precaution or preliminary calculations. It may be possible, also, that the author of the Venus of Milo, who has left in the rough the parts of this statue which are not easily seen, was more indifferent than many others to a material circumstance which was not likely to be felt at all in the appearance of his work. Nevertheless, one is astonished that so eminent an artist should have accepted such a circumstance; it is really a question of stability and solidity. In fact, if the two blocks were placed the one on the other without anything to hold them together, it might happen that a shaking of the earth would displace the upper block, especially in a country where earthquakes are frequent. It was necessary, then, to bind these blocks together; this was done by fastening them in the inside, not as M. de Clarac believed, by a single bolt, but by two. These bolts no longer exist, but the places which they occupied are to be seen perfectly. They were of iron and soldered with lead; traces of rust and part of the solder still remain.

With the great experience which the ancients had in statues, the author of the Venus of Milo could not be ignorant of the difficulty presented by such bolts, that is, the tendency to crack the marble. To free him from this reproach, of want of foresight, which he seems to have incurred, may we not suppose that he made his Venus of a single block, that the statue was broken by accident, and that the lower block was damaged to such an extent as to necessitate restoration? It would then be the restorer, and not the author of the Venus of Milo who would have fastened the old part to the new by metal bolts. Such a conjecture would acquire probability, if it be true, as some think, that the lower part of the Venus of Milo, though very beautiful, does not entirely equal the upper part, and has not been treated with the same care. Be this

as it may, if the circumstantial examination of the statue is made, — now rendered possible by the fall of the plaster which filled the joinings, — the consequences that have followed the insertion of these metal bolts will be easily seen. The bolts have occasioned cracks, and these cracks have been remedied in a manner which perils the solidity of the statue, modifies its character and diminishes its beauty.

The bolts holding the two blocks together, were placed in the inside of the body, to the right and left of its centre, and near the hips. Either by the oxidizing of the iron, or by the effect of some violent shock, they have made two cracks. Thence came those fragments which it was necessary to add again to the two principal pieces. When they busied themselves, at the laboratory of the Museum, with the arrangement of the pieces of the Venus, one of them, belonging to the left hip, was not put back exactly in place; it was fastened in such a manner that they could not, without the risk of a new breakage, place one half of the statue upon the other. Instead of recommencing the arrangement, they contented themselves with interposing between these two halves, wedges, consisting of two triangles of wood, which, on the left side, would prevent immediate contact. Thus the upper half of the statue was raised, behind and at the left side, about half a centimetre; in front and at the right it rested on the under block. The result was that the upper part of the body and the head bent forward and to the right. In consequence of this deviation, the centre of gravity of the trunk was no longer in a very stable equilibrium, and a jar might occasion a fall. It must be added that the body, being thus lengthened on one side, and having no longer all the proportion nor the movement which belonged to it, it is impossible that the beauty of the figure should not be lessened.

This is not all. M. de Clarac says that the seam of the two halves of the statue divides it horizontally. This seam, however, is by no means horizontal. Not only the upper half of the statue is inclined towards the lower, but the upper plane of the latter slopes in the same direction: it is higher, by nearly four centimetres, at the back and left, than at the front and right, and it forms an angle of six degrees with the horizon.

Before laying one block on the other, it would seem to have been necessary, if only to ensure the stability of the upper, to make the upper surface of the lower one

horizontal. It is difficult to admit that the author of the Venus of Milo, if she was made in two blocks, or even he who renewed the lower part, should have neglected this precaution. It may, on the contrary, be affirmed that he who first brought together the two blocks, desired that the upper side of the lower one should be the exactly horizontal support of the upper. If this be true, in order that the Venus of Milo may be what she originally was, as to her attitude, she must be raised from the right and front towards the back and left, till the joining of the two blocks again becomes horizontal. In the present state of the statue the ground on which the feet rest is horizontal. After the straightening of the statue, which will entail the raising of the plinth, the ground will rise a little; but that is not otherwise than quite admissible: examples are not wanting of plinths representing unequal ground, rising or falling. I will only instance, among the plinths which represent the ground rising from the back towards the front of the statue, those of the Apollo Sauroctonos, of the hero called the Fighting Gladiator, of the Venus numbered 157 in the Museum of the Louvre, and of the Venus of the Capitol. The plinth being raised, it would indeed happen, if the two surfaces were kept parallel, that between the lower surface and the pedestal a space would remain; but why leave this space unfilled, or the edges of the plinth with its sharp angles. There is nothing to demonstrate that the plinth should be a regular parallelopiped with six smooth sides, which is about the form it now presents. The statue straightened in such a manner as to render the seam horizontal, the plinth and the right foot would then take a direction which is subject to no objection. Now what happens to the whole figure?

The centre of gravity of a body must necessarily fall perpendicularly upon that which supports this body. If then a human figure rests only on one foot, the middle of the throat, that is to say, the space between the clavicles, which is then upon the same vertical line as the centre of gravity, falls perpendicularly upon the articulation of that foot with the leg. "If a figure rests upon one of its feet," says Leonardo da Vinci "the shoulder of that side will always be lower than the other, and the middle of the throat (*la fontanella della gola*) will be above the middle of the supporting leg. This will be the case from whatever point we view the figure." And besides "The middle

of the throat must be over the middle of the juncture of the leg which supports the body." Leonardo da Vinci says, moreover, that this is the law of equilibrium for a man who is moving, or rather for a man who is just going to move; for it is properly the attitude of one who is going to move, to throw the entire weight of his body upon one leg, thus leaving himself at liberty to carry the other forward. Leonardo has also very well remarked that in youth, the time of strength and agility, people naturally bear the weight of the body on a single leg, while children and old people support themselves on both legs at once. Now although the Venus of Milo rests upon the right foot, from whence it happens, conformably to the remark of Leonardo, that her right shoulder is lower than her left, as she is placed it is not the fact that the middle of her throat is perpendicularly over the articulation of the right leg with the right foot; a vertical line which passes through the hollow of the throat falls much to the right and in front of this articulation. Now, if the joining of the two pieces is made horizontal (we have made the experiment upon a cast which may be seen at the Museum) the middle of the throat falls perpendicularly over the articulation of the right leg with the right foot; and the statue comes again under the law of equilibrium of the human figure.

If, moreover, setting aside all statical reasoning, all recourse to the plumb line, we trust entirely to the judgment of the eye, which so often stands in place of geometry and mechanics, we shall see, that, as she now stands, the Venus of Milo is inclined more to the front and right than quite satisfies us. She leans evidently to this side, especially when we view her in profile: seen in front, from a distance, she offers a foreshortening which makes her lose much of her elegance, and seems wanting in that alomb, that stability, which, always necessary, are particularly eminent characteristics of ancient statues. Even the expression of the whole figure, turning towards the left, and at the same time bending forward too much, does not entirely agree with that air of calmness and security which reigns in the features of the representations of the Greek divinities in general, and very particularly in those of the Venus of Milo. Once straightened, the statue presents all the appearance of perfect equilibrium and perfect stability, it takes an aspect more agreeable to the spirit and to the habits of ancient art, it is more noble and at the

same time more graceful, and the expression which results from the general attitude of the body no longer offers anything which is not in complete harmony with that of the face full both of majesty and sweetness.

It results, with extreme probability, from the foregoing, that the trouble had come from a defect in the placing of the plinth, in consequence of the ill-managed work of restoration. Part of the plinth being broken, what remained, after having been made regular in its contour, was set into a new plinth. Now the old plinth and the new are not of the same level: the new is almost everywhere a little the lower. The top of the ancient plinth is now horizontal; that of the new a little raised in front and at the right, that is to say, at the sides where it should rather have been lowered in order to give the figure its aplomb. At the back, however, a part of the drapery, which is only rough hewn, descends several centimetres below the false plinth, in such a way that, between the false plinth and the end of the drapery there is a space filled in with plaster. Finally, the drapery covering the back of the right foot bears evident traces of modern work, which has rendered it more meagre, by terminating it at the ground with a regular edge which is thin and flat, and, in restoring the left foot in plaster, they have finished with a similar edge the fold which should cover it. We think we recognize, in both places, the work of the same hand. This hand betrays itself again in the lower half of the left leg, where it seems as if the folds of the drapery which should fall from this leg to the right foot, had been partially effaced, in order to cover, in some sort, the transition, from the breadth of execution of the upper part of the drapery, to the meagreness of its termination on the left foot.

It is in this state that the Venus of Milo has been placed upon a pedestal and presented to view, the body too long on the left and behind; the trunk, the neck and the head, too much inclined to the right and front; the whole figure deviating from its perpendicular and modified in its attitude. Now, as a fortuitous circumstance has permitted us to ascertain that the statue is ill balanced, and has been changed in its proportions and its appearance, there seems an opportunity to cause it to recover its former posture, proportions, and aspect. Not only is this a possible, but it is an easy thing.

In the first place, to re-establish the two halves in their just relations, it will suffice

to put a single, imperfectly adjusted fragment in its right place. The wedges, whose employment was rendered necessary by the bad situation of this fragment, will at once become needless; marble will rest squarely upon marble, and the upper part of the body will be replaced upon the lower in its primitive position. If, in trying to loosen the fragment fastened to the left hip, we meet, contrary to all expectation, with some difficulty which makes us fear to proceed lest we injure the marble, we would give up this loosening; we would confine ourselves to substituting for the wooden wedges which have been before employed, a plate of lead, of only the strictly necessary thickness, at the most two millimetres. Reduced to such limits the alteration of the proportion and attitude would be hardly perceptible.

In the second place, to re-establish the whole figure in its condition of equilibrium, it will suffice to raise from right to left and front to back, the old plinth and with it all the statue, until the plane of juncture of the two halves is exactly horizontal, and then, consequently, to modify the form of the false plinth in which the old plinth is set.

## II.

BESIDES the question of the arrangement of the existing parts of the Venus of Milo, when she arrived at the Louvre, the problem of restoration presented itself. They wished to proceed to this without delay. Quatremère de Quincy, who then enjoyed a legitimate authority in all that touched the history of art, opposed this. It was not that he disapproved, on principle, all idea of restoring ancient statues; but he thought that the Venus of Milo had made part of a group in which she was associated with Mars, and, though he founded this opinion upon the existence of like groups in several museums, he did not believe that they had the necessary elements for re-establishing the attitude of Mars, nor consequently, the position and movement of the arms and hands of the Venus herself. We may congratulate ourselves that the opinion of that eminent antiquary has been followed, and wish that it may never be deviated from. We do not mean that it would be as impossible as he believed, to divine what should be the position of the limbs which are wanting to the Venus of Milo, but, if we should succeed, it would not the less be proper to abstain from all attempts to repair and complete such a statue.

I believe that Quatremère de Quincy has given the true solution of the problem of the restoration of the statue discovered at Milo, but he has not made it as precise and complete as possible, and he has thus left it exposed to objections, which may be dissipated by a more perfect decision about the groups of which it formed a part.

Divers conjectures have been suggested for restoring the statue of Milo, on the supposition that it represented a single person, self-sufficing. These conjectures have been founded (particularly those of M. Taral who has discussed them with much learning and taste) upon the consideration of a fragment of an arm and a hand holding an apple, which are of the same marble as the Venus of Milo, were found in the same spot, and brought to the Louvre at the same time. Adding, in imagination, these fragments to the statue, of which they supposed they were originally a part, they have presented it as an image of Venus, victorious over Juno and Pallas, her rivals, holding in her left hand the apple designed "for the most beautiful," just decreed to her by Paris. In this arrangement they find no other probable employment for the right hand than to hold the drapery, which, placed as it is, has no need of being held, and does not even offer a point where it could be. As to the fragments of the left arm and hand, supposing (though nothing proves it) that they had ever belonged to the Venus of Milo, what prevents us from explaining their presence by some ancient attempt at restoration, undertaken, when the personage with which the Venus had been grouped had disappeared, for the purpose of making use of the goddess, by reducing her to an isolated figure?

Without admitting that the fragment of the arm and the hand found with the Venus of Milo had originally belonged to this statue, Émeric David inclined to see in them the debris of a restoration which must have conformed to the primitive composition; but this statue, according to him, had never been that of the goddess of Cythera. We do not find in it, he says, either the great youth, hardly exceeding the twentieth year, nor the air of great sweetness, which characterize Venus. If she held in her hand a fruit, she must have represented the protecting nymph of the isle of Melos, whose name appears derived from the word which, in Greek, designates apples or fruit of an analogous form, and upon whose medals a fruit very like a pomegranate often figured. Or, leaving the fragments out of the question,

we might suppose, with much probability, said he, on account of the air of animation and inspiration which he believed he remarked in her features, that the statue represented a muse holding in her left hand a lyre and striking it with the right. To this it may be answered, that few muses if any, are found, represented half naked and unshod, as is the statue of Milo.

Others have believed that it must be a Victory, and have cited as proof, a beautiful bronze statue which forms the chief ornament of the Museum of Brescia. It is a winged female figure, stretching forth her right hand, as if to trace an inscription on a shield which she holds with her left, while it rests on her knee; she undoubtedly represents a Victory; on the other hand, in the whole attitude, and in the disposition of the peplum which envelopes the lower part of her body she offers a striking resemblance to the Venus of Milo. Nevertheless, if we closely examine the statue at Brescia, we shall perceive that the wings, inserted in the shoulders, after the rest was finished, through the tunic which covers them, and, besides, of a poor workmanship, and the shield, fastened upon the knee by means of a groove made in the folds of the peplum, are nothing but restorations. Far, then, from being a Victory, from which might be drawn an argument for applying the same designation to the statues of Milo, it is rather a Venus, which at some time or other, — probably that of Vespasian, founder of the temple in the ruins of which she was discovered, — was transformed into a Victory.

A remark, made by Quatremère de Quincy, cuts short the divers hypotheses which have been proposed for restoring the statue of Milo, considering it as a single figure. As, at the back, the drapery is only rough hewn, evidently because the statue was to be placed in a niche, the fact that this drapery is only imperfectly finished at the left side, is, he remarked, a proof that there should be, on that side, some object, probably another figure, which partially concealed it. Moreover, the aspect of the whole figure viewed from the left side is not a happy one. It may be added that this side of the face is treated with more negligence than the other. Who was this personage? This was guessed at by comparison of several groups in which a Venus was found, very like the statue of Milo in attitude and costume, and grouped with a Mars. In them we see Venus addressing Mars and trying to persuade him to lay down his arms. It

is a conception which we find in the poets, particularly in the beautiful verses of Lucretius, where, celebrating Venus as the divinity who preserves life in all nature, who calms the agitated waves, dissipates the storms, gives light to the darkened sky, he implores her to persuade Mars to put an end to the evils of war. Quatremère de Quincy concluded that the statue discovered at Milo had, therefore, belonged to a group, which, to judge by the rare beauty of this figure, might well have been the original of which the analogous statues offer imitations, and this group represented Venus appeasing and disarming Mars.\*

M. de Clarac, thinking to find in the statue discovered at Milo, a Venus boasting of the triumph which she has just gained over the goddesses her rivals, proposed to call it Venus Victrix; this is why that name was inscribed upon the pedestal, which received it. Quatremère de Quincy gave her the same title, as being that which antiquity attributed to her in the typical group to which she must have belonged. In fact the medal of Faustina, wife of Marcus Aurelius, where we find nearly this same group, bears the legend, addressed doubtless in an allegorical manner to the empress "To Venus Victrix." Émeric David has objected that, upon several antiques, for example upon the medals of Julius Cæsar, the name of Venus Victrix is given to a deity who holds in one hand a lance and in the other a helmet; it then indicates a warrior Venus, one who presides over war, such as in remote times they honored at Sparta; or the celestial Venus whom they represented dressed in armor and with weapons in her hands. We do not ask whether on these medals Venus Victrix does not simply bear away the arms which she has made her husband lay down; but admitting that this name has been given her for the victories that she would have been supposed to gain or procure in combat, might not the same qualification have been attributed to her on another account, as to her who, without force, triumphed over force? A Greek poet addressing himself to Venus, says, in

this sense, "Thou triumphest over him who triumphs over all." In primitive times, and in a city such as Sparta, they might, besides honoring Venus on other grounds, have made her, also, a warrior goddess, like Diana protectress of the Amazons, or still more Pallas. This remark applies, above all, to that celestial Venus who was, no doubt, conceived of as governing the world by conquering the unruly powers which agitated it, and as inspiring heroes. This did not prevent them later, when the ideal of the goddess took a definitive form, from conceiving her otherwise; victorious, but gaining a victory whose character is precisely that of doing away with war.

The idea of victory presides, in some way, over all the religion and all the art of the Greeks, though this idea changes from time to time. The bright gods of Olympus became masters of the world by triumphing over hostile powers, born from the abysses of the earth. Their temples are decorated with sculptures and paintings, which display to our eyes victories gained over monsters, centaurs and amazons, over brutal and ferocious natures, by heroes, representatives of the higher nature, whom the wise Pallas inspires and directs. In the Parthenon the Virgin goddess, who personified mind overcoming matter, held on her extended right hand, a winged Victory, who turned towards her, offering her a crown. Victory, crowning the spirit which has subjugated inferior nature, is the expressive symbol of the great epochs of Greece. It is the symbol of the thought in which she lived, which made her what she was. Now, in the triumph of mind over blind matter, the Greek saw, first of all, that of a kind and gentle nature over one yet harsh and savage. To his supreme god, the conqueror of Titans and giants, who by a frown made heaven and earth tremble, the Hellenes gave a name in which that of honey is included. More and more, as she became more conscious of her own genius, Greece depicted Victory with traits of sweetness, and, when she had succeeded in releasing from its primitive elements the types of a goddess, unknown to all other nations, from whom came all love and peace, she recognized in Venus the ideal toward which her perpetual dream of victory tended. In the innumerable monuments of Greek art, representing happiness in a life to come, above all on the painted vases found in the tombs of Campania and which belong to a late period of art, a period, also, when grace tended more and more to conquer force,

\* A passage is here omitted which consists chiefly of speculations as to the mythological legends concerning Venus and Mars, and their effect on popular worship and on art. Another passage omitted later in the article is of similar character. The paper being very long, and these portions of it appearing comparatively unimportant to the general statement, and unnecessary to the understanding of it, we have ventured to leave them out.—*Tr.*



we see mingling, under different forms and almost confounding each other, Victories, Cupids, Venuses, and Persuasion. From these facts we may conclude, that, to represent Venus appeasing Mars persuading him to lay down his arms, was, for the Greeks, the representation of that supreme and final victory which persuasion obtains over violence, that victory which the soul constantly gains over the body, and thought over matter. These sorts of representations, at first quite numerous among the Greeks, after having attained their ideal, became naturally more and more rare. Mars calmed, softened, is henceforth no longer Mars; he holds, in religion and art, a more restricted place, while, by the side of the worship of Venus, that of other compassionate and benevolent divinities goes on continually growing.

The groups of which the Venus of Milo presents us one of the two elements, expresses, then, a conception, essential to the genius of Greece and to its religion, but of which the other element must, under this form, appear more rarely, till Rome, bound, by her origin, to the double legend of Mars and Venus, restores it to honour and usage.

The idea of victory, even that obtained by love and persuasion, carries with it, however, a sort of pride. Hence comes, it has been said, in the Venus of Milo, and in all the figures which repeat the same type, the position of the left foot resting upon a support raised above the soil; a position which suggests taking possession and domination. From this attitude, joined to the somewhat erect position of the head, there results in the Venus of Milo, in spite of much sweetness in her look, a certain slightly proud air of nobleness, which, according to some critics, does not allow us to see in her an image of the goddess of Paphos and Cythera. Perhaps this peculiarity will explain itself by the period to which we must refer the Venus of Milo.

This period is not that of Phidias or Polyclethus, for the first, without binding himself to the ancient rigor, was yet such a severe observer of proportion, that one ought, he said, to be able to deduce the entire figure from a finger-nail; the second reduced the measures of the human figure to a canon which became the law of art. The Venus of Milo was executed according to more liberal maxims than those which ruled at these high epochs — more liberal, judging by what remains to us of the school of Scopas, than those rec-

ognized even by that master — more liberal, indeed, as far as different statues permit us to judge of the style of Praxiteles, than those of the author of Apollo Sauroctonos and the Venus of Gnidus. Not only the manner in which the hair is treated, in the Venus of Milo, shows a scientific carelessness, which denotes a very advanced period of art, but there is some irregularity in the proportions of the neck, compared to those of the head and body; perhaps, even, in the relation of the size of the body to the head, which may be thought a little too small; and, lastly, in the relation of the upper part of the body to the lower part, which is a little narrow: — all licences which give us reason to believe that the author of this statue permitted himself, in executing it, to imitate certain peculiarities of a living model, without studying to reduce them to what was demanded by rules. We may conclude from this, that the Venus of Milo is probably a product of the school, or at least of the times of Lysippus. Lysippus held in high esteem the works of Polyclethus; from which he had, he said, drawn all his learning; but he showed his pupils the passers by, and said, "Behold your teachers."

Now, one feature of this epoch will explain, to a certain point, the peculiar character of the Venus of Milo. Melanthus, a fellow student of Apelles, had written a treatise on painting; he there said that a work of art ought always to offer the aspect of pride (*αὐθαδία*) and even of a certain severity (*σκληρότης*). We may conjecture that if not Praxiteles, at least his school, had carried the study of grace, of which Apelles attained the ideal, to a point where it might degenerate into weakness, that in order to turn art from this excess Melanthus urged it to more severity, and, that under the influence of this contemporary of Lysippus, the author of the Venus of Milo gave her, instead of the perfectly feminine delicacy in which resides the supreme charm of the creations of Praxiteles and Apelles, a character of heroic grandeur which, without excluding grace, predominates over it, and in which several critics have refused to recognize Cypris. Let us add, that striving after this character has made the sculptor prefer, for the Venus whom he wished to associate with Mars, those forms which the human frame takes when it has attained its most complete development, rather than the more youthful.

According to the ancients, it was not

only at periods of decadence that they sought especially in the representation of female beauty, "venustas" and elegance; they tell us that in the century already fruitful in master-pieces, preceding that of Pericles, they were much preoccupied, perhaps too much, with grace and delicacy. This was notably the character of the celebrated Sosandra of Calamis, and, in fact, upon the painted vases found in such great numbers in the sepulchres of this period, we see associated, in strange contrast, excess of delicacy and excess of vigour. These two elements of art, which might be called the male and female elements, are there equally accented. It only remained for succeeding centuries to find the perfect harmony. The warriors who kill each other on the pediment of the great temple of Egina, kill each other smiling, and Minerva, smiling, presides at the carnage. The smile is the unfailing thought of this primitive Greek art, so careful also of energy, as it was later the object of the great founder of modern art, Leonardo da Vinci. The architecture of that time offers imposing masses, witness the temples of Poestum and so many others; but these temples of which to-day we hardly see more than the stern skeleton, were enlivened in some sort by a rich ornamentation, clothed with bright colours, and, as it were, sparkling with gold and precious stones. It was in the same century that Callimachus, whose name is associated with Calamis, invented, it is said, the light architecture, with capitals formed of foliage and flowers, called the Corinthian order. If Phidias and Alcamenes, his worthy pupil, found true grandeur, we do not see that they neglected elegance; we only see, that, particularly in the forms of women, they subordinated grace to strength. When Praxiteles, a long time after, carried grace to a point which Phidias and Alcamenes, or Polyclethus and Scopas, had not yet attained, we are not told that he degraded art, but on the contrary that he gave it its last perfection, executed what his great predecessors had wished for, and touched the goal that they had aimed at. The result is that, if we would have a just idea of what the Greeks sought for in the representation of feminine beauty, as also of the moral character of which they understood this beauty to be the perfect expression, we must not arrest our glances at the Venus of Milo alone, even though, when restored to her true attitude, she will show more simple grace, naive elegance and sweetness than has been yet seen

in her; we must also contemplate, and study, the scattered fragments in which are still recognized those grand types of woman, of the ideal wife, which drew so many adorers to the sanctuaries of Cos and Gnidus.

If we can form a sufficiently exact idea of the character with which the author of the Venus of Milo wished to impress this figure, must we renounce the attempt to know what the Mars was, with whom she was grouped, and, consequently, what ought to be the action of the Venus herself? Far from it, we can prove, I believe, that several repetitions still exist, either examples or copies of the Mars, and of these repetitions, the most beautiful, perhaps, and one of the most complete, makes part, as does the Venus of Milo, of the Museum of the Louvre. I speak of the statue from the Borghese collection, which some have looked upon as a statue of Mars, but in which the greater number have preferred to find an Achilles. The only proof, with any appearance of weight, which they have advanced to support this last opinion, has, however, been drawn from the presence of a ring placed on the right leg, a little above the ankle, and which they thought an indication of some piece of armor destined to protect the heel, the only part of the body where the son of Thetis was vulnerable. The ring worn by the personage with whom we are now dealing, is placed much too high in any way to protect the heel; it is, in reality, nothing but that kind of pad which the Greek warriors wore on the leg, to receive the weight of the greaves, and to defend the ankles from contact with them. This is very well seen in a painting on a Greek vase, where a naked hero, who is about to put on his armor, has already, on one of his legs, this kind of ring. The most ancient statues of Mars represent him entirely armed. In the statue we are considering, the ring on the right leg is the existing trace of armor and serves to recall it, or, perhaps, to make it understood that the god, who still has on his helmet, has already stripped himself of his other defensive armor. It is said, moreover, that the figure with which we are here concerned, has the head bent, in a kind of melancholy which perfectly suits the son of Peleus and Thetis, preoccupied with the premature end which had been predicted to him; but does not this head, bending gently forward and to the right, with the arm which falls at the side of the body, express much better a will which yields and surrenders itself? Besides,

would they have given to Achilles, — the type of the hero mown down in the flower of his youth, — cheeks shaded by an already decided beard, a feature not wanting in any of the repetitions of this type which I have met with and which belongs, besides, to all the heads reputed to be those of Mars? And finally, what more characteristic of an image of Mars, than the helmet, ornamented not only with griffins, but, upon the visor, with wolves, an animal as much the peculiar attribute of the god of war, as the dove was that of Venus.

It is certain that in the two groups, representing Adrian and Sabina under the features of Mars and Venus, Mars is nearly the same in attitude, the body supported on the left leg, the right foot advanced, and resting firmly on the ground, the left arm drawn back a little and the right arm hanging by the side; and that this attitude is exactly that of the statue called the Borghese Achilles. There is only this difference, that in the Mars of the groups of the Capitol and Louvre the head is not inclined as in that of the pretended Achilles. The authors of these groups thought, perhaps, that it was not proper to reproduce in the image of an emperor, a carriage of the head not completely agreeing with the majesty which he should never lose. In the same way, while in the attitude and air of the head of the Venus of Milo there is a shade of pride, the empress in the two groups of the Capitol and Louvre, expresses by her countenance chiefly solicitude and submission. Except for these differences, so inconsiderable and so easy to explain, the conformity of all the disposition is striking.

Meanwhile, if the Venus of Milo offers on the left side a less satisfactory aspect than on the other, and a slightly more negligent workmanship, it is the same with the right side of the Borghese Mars and of the other repetitions of the same type; an evident proof that this Venus and Mars were figures so placed that the spectator should not see well either the left side of the one, or the right side of the other, and this is precisely what happens if they are brought together as the Mars Adrian and the Venus Sabina are. The Borghese Mars, whose left arm is, in part, only a restoration, had in the left hand either a lance or more likely a shield; in the right hand he should hold a sword. He has no baldric, but there is one in the three reproductions of the same type possessed by the Museums at the Vatican, the

Capitol and Dresden, and also in the Mars Adrian of the Louvre. In some of the repetitions of the group, Venus, leaning her left arm and hand on the left shoulder of Mars, lifts her right hand towards the breast of the god, not to disarm him herself, but as if only to persuade him to lay down his arms. In the others, and probably in the greater number, Mars was represented with a baldric, which Venus was loosening. This baldric passed from the left shoulder to the right side, as we see in the Mars of Dresden — a disposition rather rare, but of which there are other examples. The Dresden Mars bears, behind the left shoulder, the trace of an arm which rested upon it, and upon the left deltoid we see a fracture, implying the disappearance of a part of this muscle with the baldric it supported, probably also with the hand of Venus which had hold of it. It was this hand, projecting as did the arm, which led to all the fracture. Again, upon this same figure, at the height of the last rib on the right, the height where the sword of the Greek warrior was generally placed, the lower part of the baldric has disappeared; but it is easy to see that at this spot it did not touch. There was a certain space between the side and the baldric, where doubtless the right hand of the Venus was placed, holding the baldric and loosening it from the body.

If, after this, we attentively examine the Borghese Mars, with regard to the style, we shall acknowledge that, while the head appears to belong to the age of Pericles (as do the head and body in the example at the Dresden Museum), the body and limbs recall, by their forms, a more ancient period. We still find in them those principles of the primitive schools of which the sculptures of the temple of Egina, constructed nearly half a century before the Parthenon, offer remarkable examples: a great development of the chest and shoulders, the limbs very strong where they begin, near the body, and terminating in very delicate extremities: principles, we may say, by the way, well explained by that passage in one of the ancients, according to which the Greeks took, for the foundation of their system of proportions, the organic conditions of movement and action.

As to the rest, it is not impossible that the author of the Borghese Mars chose to execute the body and limbs of this statue in the taste of a period anterior to his own, without on that account imitating a model of that period represent-

ing precisely the same subject, though this hypothesis would be the most probable. At least the Borghese Mars and the principal reproductions of the same type which have been preserved can hardly be referred to a period later than the fifth century before the Christian era, even if they do not recall a still more ancient original.

The Venus associated with the Borghese Mars, or with some other contemporary production of the same type, necessarily belonged to the same period. From this it follows that, in all probability, she would differ from the Venus of Milo in some respects. At that remote period they hardly represented any goddess naked or half naked. We find in several collections figures which evidently reproduce the same type as the Venus of Milo, but with the tunic as well as the peplum, the under as well as the upper garment. Such is the statue of the Louvre numbered 413, which they have made, by the restoration, a player on the lyre; such is a statue in the Boboli garden in Florence, of which there is a plaster in the collection of the *École des Beaux Arts*; such also a draped Venus in the Dresden Museum.

Fully dressed, though in a very fine stuff, doubtless very closely plaited, according to the fashion of early times, the ancient Venus would not have her hair half knotted, but rather, carefully fastened back, as we see in the statue at Brescia, probably it was even, according to custom, confined by several windings of a ribbon, if not by that piece of stuff which formerly served to hold it behind and which was called a sling. Finally, the ancient Venus should be shod with sandals. Represented in this manner, the Venus of the early group would not offer, like the Venus of Milo an image or a suggestion of the newly made wife, who coming from the sacred bath has not yet resumed her raiment or her sandals, and whose hair half floats over her shoulders: she presented the image of the divine spouse arrayed in all her attire, enveloped in all her veils, girded also doubtless, over her delicate tunic, with that cestus in which Homer asserts all her enticements were hid.

If we wished to restore, in its primitive form, the composition in which the Venus of Milo had its origin, taking thus for starting point the Borghese Mars, it would be necessary to give the Venus which would be associated with him, rather smaller dimensions than those of the Ve-

nus of Milo, (which is larger than the Borghese Mars), and to dress her in the costume used in the monuments of the age of Pericles. If, on the contrary, we wished to restore the composition, taking for starting point the Venus of Milo such as she is, it would be necessary to place beside her a Mars who would reproduce the statue of the Borghese collection in slightly larger dimensions, with lines approaching more nearly to those of the productions of the time of Alexander than to those represented by the more or less complete repetitions of the same type included in the Museums of the Vatican, the Capitol, and Dresden, and in the Campo Santo at Pisa.

One might without inconvenience, and with some advantage, try such restorations, by the aid of casts; but far from us be the thought of ever operating on the originals; far from us, above all, the thought of restoring, even in plaster, the arms of the Venus of Milo. On the contrary, the habit of restoring original antiques appears to be a pernicious one, which should be henceforth entirely abandoned.

When the Venus of Milo was brought to the Louvre, this habit of repairing antiques, and, so to speak, doing them up new, was common. At first they tried to replace the pieces which had disappeared, by others provided from other ancient sculptures. A great number of statues now have antique heads which do not belong to them, sometimes of another epoch, sometimes on other accounts ill adapted to the body. Without leaving the Louvre we see more than one Greek statue surmounted by the head of a Roman personage; more than one statue of some god or goddess surmounted by the head of an entirely different goddess or god. For want of antique materials to supply what was needed, they had recourse to the chisel of some artist, sometimes a master, a Montorsoli, a Guglielmo della Porta, even a Michael Angelo. It is not the less true that, generally, the restorations have deprived the antiques of part of their value. In the first place they have frequently changed their general aspect and signification. Thus, in our Louvre, we see an Apollo of the archaic Greek style become, by the attributes given to him, a *Bonus Eventus*, a Roman divinity of a late period, — and a wounded Amazon, whose short tunic, the invariable costume which the ancients attributed to Amazons, — has become a floating robe. Above all, we see statues of beautiful workmanship, dis-

figured by additions of great mediocrity. But, even if the restoration were made with science and talent, it is almost impossible that the work should be in perfect harmony with the ancient work, and the whole production thus loses the capital merit of unity of style and execution. Let us say, finally, that, the extreme difficulty of restorations in harmony with the antique being understood, the antique has almost always been put in harmony with the restoration. This has been done by giving to the surface of the Greek or Roman work, sometimes with the chisel, but more often with the rasp, the new look which the restored parts have. The beauty of a great number of excellent works has thus been irremediably altered. Our hunting Diana, having been repaired in this manner by a clever sculptor, Barthélemy Prieur, who did not scruple, after having restored the parts that were lacking, to retouch nearly the whole surface, it no longer seems as if the execution had reached the height of the conception. It is the same with the Pallas of Velletri; it is the same with many of the most beautiful statues contained in the other museums of Europe and particularly in the Vatican, with the Apollo Belvedere, the Laocoon, the Venus de Medici. Hence, on comparing these statues with the sculptures since discovered, which have not been treated in the same way and which still bear the clear impression of the Greek chisel, many have thought to explain the difference that struck them, between the workmanship of these last found statues and that of the long celebrated works which we have just mentioned, by attributing the latter to a more modern time, when the execution had become considerably enfeebled, to the period called the Roman. However, if we examine a fragment of a repetition of the Venus de Medici, belonging to the Berlin Museum, and of which the École des Beaux Arts possesses a cast, we shall find a proof that this type belongs to a time when the work, both broad and delicate, was of the greatest beauty. If we examine with care, in our Hunting Diana and our Pallas of Velletri, the parts which have not suffered any retouching, (in the first the hair, a large part of the tunic, and the right foot, in the second certain hardly noticeable bits of the drapery), we shall there see exhibited, though at two widely different periods, the persistent characteristics of a genuine Greek workmanship.

How admirable these works would have been then, if clear-sighted judges had known

how to appreciate their value, if they had allowed them to reach us just as the earth had restored them to us after so many centuries, and without pretending to efface the traces of the injuries of time. At the beginning of this century, the remains of the sculptures of the Parthenon having been brought to England, unfortunately in a very mutilated state, but, nevertheless, bearing the impress of a sublime beauty, none dared to touch them, and they were preserved with respect and without the slightest restoration being attempted. The Venus of Milo being placed in the Louvre shortly afterwards, the opinion of Quatremère de Quincy, that it should not be restored, though founded on special reasons, was supported by this recent example. A part, at least, of the public, must have begun to comprehend that the best they could do in regard to mutilated masterpieces, was, not to touch them. They abandoned, therefore, all idea of a general restoration of the Venus of Milo. However, besides the resettling of the plinth, and retouching the bottom of the drapery, which was connected, as I have shown in the first part of this paper, with an alteration in the attitude of the figure, they made certain restorations in plaster. After several experiments for restoring the arms, they despaired of that attempt, but they restored, beside the tip of the nose and an injured part of the lower lip, the left foot, which was entirely wanting, as well as the lower part of the drapery, needed to partly cover it, and sundry folds of the same drapery; and, finally, they hid, with plaster, a square hole seen in the right side, and probably made for a bolt intended to support the right arm. It was after these restorations that the cast of the statue was taken: it was with these restorations that the copies, in which they are naturally more difficult to distinguish than in the marble, are scattered over the whole world. Since then they have farther added to the original, — though always in plaster, — some masses of folds in a part of the drapery; repaired the fractures of certain others, and filled the deep scratches on the right shoulder and the right side of the back, leaving those on the left shoulder.

It may not have been wrong to restore, — at least with plaster, and without at all altering the marble, — the end of the nose, and the lips, whose absence renders the human face hardly recognizable. This exception admitted, if necessary, we believe that, hereafter, the propriety of renouncing every sort of restoration of ancient



sculptures, and particularly of the most beautiful among them, will be acknowledged. Those of which the Venus of Milo has been the subject, are fortunately inconsiderable, and might, it seems to us, be suppressed with much advantage. It would be preferable, with a work of this rank, not to disturb, — by additions which, of necessity agree imperfectly with the work itself, — the harmony of such beautiful and well designed forms, possessing as a whole so powerful and predominant a unity, even though we may perceive in them some faint dissonances.

I have just mentioned that the remains of the sculptures of the Parthenon, perhaps the most precious we possess from antiquity, are preserved in the British Museum, free from all restoration whatever. The same has been true for centuries, of that torso, so much admired by Michael Angelo, and of that Pasquin, of which another eminent artist, a very good judge, said that it was "the most beautiful antique in Rome." Why should it not be the same, at the Louvre, with the Venus of Milo? Why should we not at least see there such a masterpiece, exactly as it came down to us through so many centuries, not only reinstated, as much as possible, in its original proportions and attitude, but also freed from all the additions which can only modify its character, alter its harmony and obscure its beauty?

FELIX RAVAISSON.

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From The Spectator.  
**IMPORTANT DISCOVERY DURING THE  
 LATE ECLIPSE.**

PROFESSOR RESPIGHI, the eminent Italian spectroscopist, succeeded in making a noteworthy advance in our knowledge of Solar physics during the progress of the Eclipse of last December; and, what is of even greater importance, he employed a totally novel method of observing the eclipsed sun, his actual discovery being probably but the first-fruits of this method. We propose to give a brief account of the results obtained by Professor Respighi, and a description of those features of the method which constitute its importance. But for obvious reasons, this is not the place for a description of the instrument employed by Respighi.

It will be in the remembrance of many of our readers that during the eclipse of December, 1870, considerable attention was directed to the circumstance that the

sun's Corona appeared to consist of two distinct portions. Close to the black disc of the moon there was seen a bright ring of pearly light, not uniformly wide, but nowhere extending to a distance much exceeding a fourth or fifth part (for accounts differed) of the moon's apparent diameter. Outside this ring-formed corona appeared a much more extensive, but much fainter halo, radiated in its general structure, — or rather cloven in places by certain well-marked dark rifts or gaps. There was so sudden a degradation of luminosity near the borders of the bright inner corona, as to suggest very strongly the idea that the two coronas are totally distinct solar envelopes. Indeed, it was proposed to give the inner corona a name specially invented for the occasion — the name *Leucosphere* — which fortunately was not received with favour. Indeed, it presently appeared that the supposed discovery was no discovery at all, — the twofold nature of the corona having been recognized 165 years ago, and having since been repeatedly confirmed during total eclipses. So far back as 1852 our own Astronomer Royal had suggested for the two envelopes the names of the "Ringformed" and the "Radiated" coronas. It must be added, furthermore, that when favourably seen, the inner or ring-formed corona is not pearly white in hue, but marked by a distinct tinge of rose-colour.

Now, astronomers have been endeavouring since the great eclipse of 1868 to determine the real nature of the light emitted by the various parts of the corona. They have sought, in fact, to apply the modern method of observation called spectrum analysis to the corona, as they had already applied it to the prominences; and thus to learn whether the light of the corona comes from glowing vapour or from incandescent particles, or is merely sunlight reflected from opaque matter spread in a sort of cosmical dust around the solar orb.

But important difficulties stood in their way. They *did* obtain on turning their spectroscopes towards the corona a spectrum which, in itself, indicated that the source of light was glowing vapour. A certain green line appeared, which, if it really were the spectrum of the corona, could bear no other interpretation. But it was not clear that this green-line spectrum belonged to the corona at all, — the doubt arising from the fact that the green line still made its appearance when the spectroscope was turned to parts of the sky to which the corona could not be sup-

posed to extend. This is easily explained. In these days every one knows that the sun's light, when dealt with by a spectro-scope, presents a rainbow-tinted streak crossed by dark lines, and that these dark lines indicate the presence, in the sun, of the vapours of many familiar elements,—as iron, copper, zinc, and so forth. But if we turn a spectroscope towards the sky or even towards a sheet of white paper illuminated by the sun, we see the same dark lines; yet we know that there is no glowing iron-vapour in the sky or in the paper. The fact really is, that we receive from the sky, and from the paper, reflected sunlight, and so naturally find in such light the qualities of sunlight. How, if in like manner, when the observers of recent eclipses have seen a bright-line spectrum while examining the corona, they have been in reality examining only reflected light, and so had still to determine the true source of the light? Nay, rather, it was clear that from some parts of the sky they did get this green line from reflected light; how, then, were they to distinguish where the inherent luminosity ceased and the reflected luminosity began?

The problem seemed intractable; but, as a matter of fact, Professor Young, of America, solved it very satisfactorily by carefully considering the amount of this green luminosity received under different circumstances. We need not examine his reasoning, but the result may be very simply stated. He inferred that in all probability a region somewhat more extensive than the ring-formed corona shines with this green line forming light. We believe that no one who examines and understands Professor Young's reasoning can doubt that he legitimately established this conclusion. It follows that the ring-formed corona, or a somewhat larger region around the sun, is due to a true atmospheric envelope. The interest of this discovery is enhanced by the circumstance that the green line of the coronal spectrum is a conspicuous feature of the spectrum of our own auroras. Professor Respighi has confirmed Young's discovery. In confirming it, however, he has added another equally important.

Thus far we have been speaking of a green line of the inner corona. But it occurred to Respighi that he would endeavour to see a green image of this solar envelope. There were two ways in which he might try to effect this. The first is a method devised independently by Huggins and Zollner, and first successfully applied

by the former, though occasionally called the Janssen-Lockyer method (being confounded, apparently, with a perfectly distinct method of observation). The other was proposed by Fraunhofer, in the very infancy of the science of spectroscopic analysis,—and has lately been revised by the Italian astronomers Secchi and Respighi. Neither method need be described, but each has this effect,—that when the source of light is a glowing gas, then, instead of a spectrum of such and such coloured lines, there is formed a series of correspondingly coloured images of the source of light. Thus when one of the solar prominences is observed in this way, instead of a red, an orange, a green, and an indigo line (and other faint lines), the methods referred to show a red image of the prominence, an orange image, a green image and an indigo image (the images corresponding to the fainter lines being too faint to be discernible under ordinary circumstances).

Now let the reader carefully note the importance of this method as applied to the corona. As applied during eclipse to the coloured prominences, it could teach nothing new—for it would merely resolve the prominences, already visible as rose-coloured objects, into four several pictures—alike in figure, but differing in colour. The effect might be exceedingly beautiful—or rather was so, for Respighi has seen such images—but it taught nothing new. As applied to the corona, however, the value of the method was far greater. So soon as totality began, Respighi saw instead of the bright green line which Professor Young had proved to belong to the corona, a beautiful green image of the inner ring-formed corona. Here, indeed, was proof patent to the eye that the green light is inherent in the inner corona, and not merely due to reflection in our own atmosphere. For just as our sky in the daytime, when we examine it with a spectro-scope, is found to give the solar dark lines, but cannot possibly give an image of the sun, so the sky in eclipse could give the green line by reflection, but not an image of the source whence the green light comes. Only because the inner corona is itself that source, could its image be rendered visible by applying Respighi's method.

So far, however, Respighi's work only confirms a result already established. But another result, and one altogether new, was at the same time obtained. The green image of the inner corona was not alone; two others—one red, and the other blue-green—made their appearance, in or near

the places corresponding to the two bright lines of hydrogen called by spectroscopists the C-line (red) and the F-line (blue-green). The three images were not strictly alike, and we may infer from the brief telegraphic account sent in the first instance that the hydrogen images were not quite so extensive as the green image. But into minutiae of this sort we need not at present enter. The great facts rendered patent by Respighi's late observation are these, — that surrounding the sun to a depth of nearly 200,000 miles, reaching, therefore, above the summits of the loftiest prominences, there is an atmosphere consisting of glowing hydrogen, and of some other vapour, distinct in condition and composition from the chromatosphere, whose average height is but about 4,000 miles. This enormous external atmospheric shell must be of exceeding rarity, or the pressure on the chromatosphere would enormously exceed the actual observed pressure. It is outside this atmosphere that the radiated corona projects into the sun-surrounding space to distances often exceeding a million miles. We may confidently expect that the news which we have received respecting the inner ring-formed corona will be so supplemented by the photographic records now on their way to Europe, that we shall obtain much clearer ideas than we have hitherto had respecting the outer and radiated corona. Truly, a remark with which the spectroscopist Janssen closes his letter to the Paris Academy respecting his own observations seems abundantly justified: — "The question whether the corona is due to the earth's atmosphere is now disposed of [*tranchée*], and we may look forward to a series of researches into the matter surrounding the sun which cannot fail to be extremely interesting and fruitful."

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
A MINING ADVENTURE.

To the Editor.

SIR, — I observe that mining and its vicissitudes are occupying such portions of the public mind as are not engrossed by drains and alcohol; and I cannot but think that some early experiences of my own may prove instructive. For I have been a miner myself. I record with satisfaction that for a halcyon period of six weeks I, then in my teens, had sole charge of a British gold and copper mine in the west of England. To gratify the hobby of the

best of fathers, I had selected for myself a scientific career, and had prepared myself by learning how to analyze and assay in a well-known public laboratory. I then started a private laboratory of my own, with all arrangements brand new and complete, and waited for work, which was not long in coming to my hands. At that period a gold-mining fever raged over England. Old, forgotten copper mines suddenly pretended to be gold ones, and found people foolish enough to start companies about them, and take shares and work them all over again for the more precious metal. Rival quartz-crushing machines came over from America, and went about crushing the ore with quicksilver, which, as you may or may not know, has the faculty of swallowing up all the gold it meets and disgorging it in the form of a little button if properly treated. Two of these crushing machines were especially popular. They were called, if I recollect rightly, the Perkes and the Berdan. The Perkes consisted of four immense rollers that ran after each other round a pivot in an immense iron pan full of quartz and quicksilver, so that everything got crushed and amalgamated. When the quicksilver had sucked up the gold, water used to come and wash away the pounded quartz. In Berdan's machine the pan itself used to revolve, and two or three enormous iron balls were left to themselves to work their own sweet will with the quartz. As soon as the pan began to go round they would begin to dance and roll and tumble about in a way no quartz could stand; the quicksilver did its work as in the other machine, and water washed away the refuse. Then when tons of ore had been treated in this way the quicksilver was drawn off and put into an iron still and distilled away into a condenser. The residuum contained the gold, which was submitted to a process called cupelling. I could cupel in perfection, but have now completely forgotten the art. The result was sometimes a little or big bright button of pure gold.

Now, there was a certain mine called the Barathia Gold and Copper Mine, to the directors of which a very influential friend of mine had given me an introduction. It had been a copper mine for some time, and worked, I believe, with tolerable success — a good kind of steady-going respectable mine, without ambition, but safe and sure. One fine morning it caught the prevailing fever, and began to fancy it had got gold inside it as well as copper, and from that fatal day it knew quiet prosperity and gentle peace no longer. It

changed its name from the Mary Ann, and called itself Baratheia, induced an immense number of people to take shares, set up one quartz-crushing machine after another, invited all the first analytical assayers to come and test it in succession, sent up specimens to London to be tested there (which specimens always contained a good deal of gold), and, in short, behaved with such energy that in an incredibly short period of time it spent six thousand pounds of the money subscribed, if it did nothing else. At the time I was introduced to the board matters stood thus. A Perkes gold quartz-crushing machine had been crushing night and day for the previous three weeks. Tons upon tons had been yielding up such gold as they contained into 400 lb. of the all-absorbing mercury. Moreover, a carefully sampled specimen of the same "gossan," or ore, was in London, waiting to be tested by a tried and trusty assayer. Why or how I should suddenly become that person I cannot understand. Perhaps on account of the influential friend who presented me; perhaps because I was cheap; perhaps because I was young and tender, like little Billie in Thackeray's ballad, and therefore likely to prove amenable to wise counsel and authority. At all events, the precious sample was entrusted to me, and from it, to my great delight, I, in the presence of witnesses, elicited a sufficient amount of pure gold to justify any mine in considering itself a *bona fide* concern. I had used a miniature Perkes's machine to obtain this brilliant result. A full grown machine had just been established on the mine, and had been working on the same substance on a large scale. What more natural than that I should be sent down to obtain a proportionate result from the stupendous operations down in D—? I was sent.

Before starting for the mine I had a long and solemn interview with the chairman of the board of directors, a wise man and a worldly, and he said unto me many momentous things which I failed to comprehend. I do not say it in a boastful spirit, but I believe I possessed at that time an extremely intelligent cast of countenance; in spite of which it would have been difficult to find any one of my age more child-like in the ways of the world, more utterly unsuited to my then profession, or more peculiarly unfit for the particular business on which I was bound. My good father, aware of these characteristics, instructed me to look as profound as possible during my interview with the chairman, and receive my instructions in silence. I fol-

lowed his advice, and was duly commissioned to start that very evening. Stupid as I was, I fully understood that if the three hundred tons of gossan that had passed through the machine yielded gold equal to sample, it would be all right. If it yielded none, it would be of no use making further search. I may have discovered this for myself, or my father may have told me; anyhow, it seemed plain sailing enough in spite of the chairman's eloquence, so I started on my journey innocent and happy.

Next day I arrived at my destination. I had never seen a mine before, and rather liked the look of this one. It was situate in a lovely valley, and there were two or three other mines in the immediate neighbourhood. These were of the quietly cheerful and plodding sort, and stuck to copper. They seemed as if they rather fought shy of mine, which had a flushed and excited appearance. The gigantic Perkes's machine sent its thunder through the valley. I ordered it to be stopped at once, had the mercury drawn off, and put into an enormous iron still, which was duly luted and sealed to prevent all tampering; a fire was lighted, and two trusty miners were set to work to watch the distillery. I then made a simple calculation, and found that if the residuum contained gold to the value of £300 the mine was worth working for that metal. If it contained less it would be useless to attempt further operations unless they could be devised on a cheaper scale. I took the captain of the mine into my confidence, and he ingenuously owned that my calculations were correct. The distilling occupied about twenty-four hours. All the men employed in the mine were present next day when I solemnly opened the still and collected the deposit which encrusted its bottom. This was first fused in a large crucible, and then submitted to the process of cupelling, amid the breathless interest of some thirty or forty stalwart Cornishmen. The result was a small button of gold worth 3s. 6d.

There was just time to save the post. I wrote a note to the board describing the result of my operations, assuring them that there was no more gold in the Baratheia gold and copper mine than was to be found in every substance in the world, including even sea-water, and stating that, as it was quite useless for me to be spending any more of the company's money, (my salary was half-a-guinea per diem), I awaited their orders to return. I felt rather proud of this feat—settling in

twenty-four hours, at nineteen years of age, a large concern that had puzzled the most eminent mining engineers in England for more than six months.

Strange to say, the board of directors took a very different view of my performance. I received an indignant letter, telling me that gold-mines could not be disposed of in this off-hand manner, and that if I could devise no experiments of my own I must at any rate remain on the spot, and perform such experiments as they should dictate to me by letter. I was more than willing to do so. The spot was healthy and picturesque, and the miners not bad company, and the experiments turned out to be of a simple and amusing nature. Every morning's post would suggest a new one, which was conscientiously carried through; but as for gold, no more was seen after the production of that first famous 3s. 6d. button. These amateur tests soon became a joke. Being of a lively turn, I had a facetious way of conducting them, which endeared me much to my rude friends, and we had on the whole a very pleasant time of it. So we went on for about six weeks, when one day several of the directors came down in a body, and satisfied themselves that everything had been done by me that they had suggested—that there was indeed no gold in the mine; whereupon we all dined together at the hotel, and a very pleasant and lively dinner it was. The wise and worldly chairman actually sang a comic song; another gentleman, who was an M.P., and possessed a sweet tenor voice, warbled a plaintive ditty about "Little Nell" in a manner that made me shed tears. I contributed my share to the night's amusement by performing feats of strength and agility: they seemed to consider me a simple and engaging youth, and to be rather fond of me than otherwise; I made them feel like boys again, they said. Later on in the evening the chairman confided to me that, although a wealthy man, he had one sorrow. He had no son, and felt particularly drawn towards me: after which he told me to call upon him in London before the end of the week, so that we might together prepare a report of my proceedings for the benefit of the shareholders, and we then parted with warm expressions of mutual regard.

Next day I bade farewell to the Baratheas; she had a sad demoralized expression. The miners had evidently made up their minds that it was all over with her, and seemed inclined to desert her in a body for her unostentatious neighbours.

I returned to London and called upon my friend the chairman; we prepared our report together; it was a most elegant composition. I contributed the facts and figures, the chairman contributed the style, and by the time it was finished most of the facts and figures had lost their original significance; but it read splendidly. "There, my boy," said the chairman, "the board will meet on Wednesday next; you will be present, and if you read that steadily out it will cast oil upon the troubled waters." I took it home and read it to my parents. My mother thought it quite a charming piece of English composition; my father withheld his commendation, but borrowed the manuscript.

By the following Wednesday he had prepared for me another document of a far simpler and sterner nature, in which facts and figures preponderated, and style was left to take care of itself. This composition he instructed me to read instead of the former one. Fathers come before chairmen; I promised to obey. He accompanied me to the office of the Baratheas Gold and Copper Mine, where it was evident that a very stormy meeting was being held. There were shareholders in the street, in the lobby, in the ante-room, in the board-room itself. My two great confrères were there, who had analyzed the mine before I did, and found such promise of gold in it. I was introduced to them, although they did not seem to perceive it. My appearance seemed to give comfort to such of the directors as had come down to the mine. The gentleman who sang "Little Nell" winked at me. The chairman made an impressive speech, mostly about myself, although I was too nervous to understand much of its flattering import. He then called upon me to read my report. I did so with a tolerably firm voice, amidst perfect silence. It was very short, and the effect it produced was terrible. Rage and hatred gleamed out on me from the eyeballs of the chair and the rest of the board; the faces of my confrères were livid; a storm of hisses and curses rose from people standing about and in the next room. I almost thought I should have to display more feats of strength and agility. Suddenly a firm hand grasped me by the arm, and a firm voice shouted, "Silence!" It was my father's. He said, "Gentlemen, my son's time is precious. If you wish to ask him any questions, pray do so at once." The people standing about wanted to ask all manner of questions, and terrible confusion prevailed. The chairman called us all to order, but in



vain. I felt that it was inconsistent with the dignity of science that I, one of its votaries, should remain any longer in such a scene. So we bowed ourselves out of the room with as much haste and as good a grace as we could.

Thus ended my connection with the Baratheas, whose brief career as a goldmine was brought to an untimely end by my unlucky agency. Its affairs were wound up, and I heard no more about it. I do not know if many people were ruined, or what became of the other participators in its rise and fall—chairmen, directors, board, miners, machines and quicksilver are all portions and parcels of the dreadful past as far as I am concerned. So, indeed, is the profession which led to my making their acquaintance, for I did not prosper as an analytical chemist, and I have not seen a mine since. But I am still interested enough to wonder sometimes how that unhappy Baratheas could thus deceive and take in, not only the public, not only responsible and wealthy gentlemen of position like my friend the chairman and his brother directors, but the two most respectable and best-known analytical chemists and mining engineers of the day, who had probed, and sounded, and tapped, and auscultated her, if I may so speak, from head to foot, and all to have her imposture revealed in twenty-four hours through the marplot stupidity of an ignorant hobbler-dehoy!

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From Chambers' Journal.  
AN OLD HIMALAYAN TOWN.

FROM immemorial times, certain wild tracks through the mountains have served as a highway between the bleak steppes of Tibet and the sunny slopes of the lower ranges of the Himalaya. The wild herdsmen of the dimly known land beyond the snows cross to-day as they did before William the Conqueror landed in England, over the Niti Pass and the wild currents of the Sutlej, through the pretty villages of Nagkunda and Muthana, through the pine-forest of Fagu, and over the Mashobra Hills, to exchange their butter and bearskins for grain and knives. On a mountain, warmly wrapped in pine and rhododendron, and honey-combed with deep valleys, stands a quaint, little, red, wooden town, wandering up a hill-side and running for some distance along its crest. It stands about fifty miles deep in the mountains from the nearest plains; and to reach

it, you have to climb many a hill and cross many a brawling torrent. It must have been the obscurest little city in the world, only known to the eagles and swallows who dance for ever over the valleys. One would suppose that a traveller might have looked for it in vain among the thousand hills of the Himalaya, till his hair turned gray; and so, indeed, many a one might; but a different fate awaited it. An Englishman in search of a sanitarium found it, after it had hidden itself successfully for—one does not like to say how many hundred years; ay, found it, and within a few years forced it to take a very prominent place among the pleasant places of the earth. The little town is now one of the capitals of the greatest empire in the world. Subject princes, mighty western nobles, and travellers from every country, are seen in its narrow bazaars. Long lines of camels, and caravans of oxen-carts, are unceasingly, for six months of every year, pouring into it the luxuries of Hindustan, and the magnificent comforts of Europe. A thousand beautiful villas look down upon it from the surrounding hills; and on the splendid roads which lead from it in every direction may be seen, of a summer evening, a wonderful show of fashion and beauty—the *crème de la crème* of England in Asia. Amid all her greatness, however, Simla never forgets her origin, but still, as of old, barterers with the simple shepherds of Tibet, supplying all the little luxuries they seek, and absorbing the primitive wares brought in exchange. Wild and unkempt-looking fellows are these Tibetans, with their long hair falling over their shoulders, and thin sheep-skins and woollen jackets hanging down a mass of rags and dirt. Their hairless faces, small squat noses, and upturned eyes plainly denote their race, and contrast strangely with the delicate Aryan features of the Punjab hillmen. Always smoking long wooden pipes—like those of the lower classes in Germany—smiling and pleased at everything, ever ready for any amount of conversation or food, they are great favourites with the mountaineers of the lower ranges; and, indeed, they have many very amiable and lovable qualities. They are eminently truthful, honest, and chaste, easily amused, easily satisfied, very sociable, and of great physical endurance. The women are not characterized by such strongly marked Tartar features as the men, and many of them are exceedingly pretty, though sadly dirty always.

A considerable number of these people remain in Simla during the whole summer,

finding employment as wood-cutters and coolies. Strings of them are always to be seen carrying in enormous beams from the Fagu forest. They fasten them behind by ropes suspended over their shoulders, and go staggering along almost bowed to the ground with the weight. You sometimes see a slight young girl carrying one of these huge logs—the best part of a young pine-tree, perhaps—and, though bent double with the ponderous burden, looking quite contented and happy, and carrying in her hand a wooden pipe, to which she occasionally applies for comfort and solace. Or a whole family—papa and mamma, big brothers, little brothers and sisters—are all seen struggling along in single file, with loads proportioned to their respective sizes, all smoking, talking, and looking merry enough. These great pieces of timber not only stretch across the whole breadth of the road, but frequently stretch out far over the side, and sometimes, indeed, are of such length that the unhappy coolie has to sidle along with them the whole way from Fagu to Simla—about eight or ten miles. When riding quickly along this winding road, one sometimes comes very awkwardly upon these great timber barriers, stretching one behind the other, across the path; and not unfrequently accidents have happened by this means; but, generally, the Tibetans manage, by a twist of the body, to bring their beams in line with the road with astonishing celerity. But enough of the wood-carriers. The reader must come and take a look at the principal bazaar or street of the little town.

A long, narrow, winding road, between wooden houses, stained dull red, and two stories in height, runs up a slight incline on a sharp hill-crest dividing two valleys. The lower story of every house has neither doors nor windows in front, but is a little cave merely, serving at once as warehouse and workshop. Passing through this busy little street, you see, in turn, every trade and occupation being carried on. There is a shop full of tailors, with high turbans on, busily at work; one of them is reading in a sing-song voice to the others some ancient tale of Mussulman prowess, or of the miraculous deeds of the Prophet. In the little adjoining cell, or shop, as we may call it by courtesy, is an old gray-bearded man, brooding over a little earthen stove, and blowing into flame a few lumps of charcoal, through a little brass tube, with all his might. Opposite to him is sitting another old fellow, who is picking and catching at something in the fire with a pair of tiny

tongs. One or two large gold nose-rings are lying near on a little tray, beside a silver bangle or two, indicating the manufactory and dépôt of a goldsmith. After every few minutes of exertion, the two old gentlemen cease from their labours, to take a whiff from the tall hookahs standing near, and to exchange a friendly word with the carpenter who works in the little hole on the opposite side of the street. At present, this artisan is bending over a piece of wood he holds between his toes, and into which he is drilling an eyelet with an instrument that looks like a child's bow. Near him, his son, also sitting on his haunches, on the floor, and holding between his toes a half-made comb, is vigorously working with a tool, suggesting the idea of some horrible instrument of torture, but really acting in the capacity of a saw. Strewed about the floor are a plank or two; some unfinished pieces of work; a couple of long pipes; a small, naked, crawling child; and a piece of sugarcane.

From a neighbouring shop, sounds of animated conversation strike upon the ear. A grain-merchant, surrounded by little bags of corn and boxes of flour, is sitting in a remote corner of his shop, wrapped up closely in a dirty-white cloth, and without moving his hands, is raising his head to suck the fragrant hookah. Half-a-dozen of his clients are attempting to bargain with him, and sitting in a row on their hams in front, are all talking at once. Proudly conscious of his monopoly, he does not trouble himself to bandy idle words, but, with all the patience of the oriental, calmly waits till they have made up their minds to pay *his* price for whatever they may happen to want. In the opposite corner, an enormously obese old man is stretched out at full length, sound asleep. This is the shopkeeper's venerable parent, who has retired from active life and pensioned himself on his son. But we must peep into a tiny little place about the size of a rabbit-hutch, next door to the grain merchant's shop. An aged gentleman, with huge brass-rimmed spectacles, is fingering delicately with a wire forceps some hard, gray, little particles collected in an iron dish. Presently, he picks out one, and applies it to a very small grindstone the handle of which he turns with his great toe. This is a jeweller, as you can see by the little papers of green and yellow stone exposed on a board, lying beside him; and he is putting faces on rough garnets which have been brought to him by some of the neighbouring villagers.

His grandson, a fat little urchin, in summer costume—a yard of string—is sitting gravely in front of him, reading out of a very ancient-looking book in Hindi character. It is the whole library of the family, and the old man has known it well since the day he first read it to his grandpapa in the same ancestral little shop. But still he appears to be interested, and every now and then pauses in his work to exclaim “Wah! wah!” as an incident of peculiar interest is arrived at. To the eastern mind novelty has no charms; and a book with which the reader is familiar is regarded as an old tried friend, who will not disappoint by any unanticipated dullness, or disturb the mind by any unlooked-for brilliancy.

We must visit one more shop in the bazaar—the largest and one of the most important—the sweet-meat shop. We had better not enter, though, as the floor is honey-combed with numerous little clay ovens, and there would be no little danger of being precipitated into a caldron of liquid toffy. Four—dreadfully unclad—men, carefully oiled, to protect their skin against the great heat, are moving about with long iron spoons, stirring here and mixing there, or kneading into little fids various compounds of coarse sugar and rancid butter. The outcome of their labours is exposed to view on a broad board. Candies, rocks, and toffies of every shape, but all of the same light-brown colour, buried in flies and wasps, both dead and alive, are heaped up in brass dishes or little wooden platforms. A stray child, the colour of the confections, has got mixed up with them, and is languidly sucking a column of a “lump of delight” nearly as big as its leg. Less fortunate youngsters are seen hovering about, regaling themselves with the savoury smells which issue forth. Now and then, some big hill-man purchases for a few little shells a block off one of the dishes, and straightway goes out into the road, seats himself on his heels, and devours it, to the great entertainment of a swarm of naked little urchins and a pariah dog or two.

All over India, sweetmeats are consumed as a substantial article of food. A native when travelling seldom eats anything else; and between the two great meals, at all times, he whiles away the long noon of the Indian summer day by sucking lollipops or candy between the whiffs of his hookah. Large dishes of sweetmeats are very common presents to make on religious festivals or domestic red-letter days; and when a Hindu wants

to be very merry or very dissipated, he never gets drunk, as a Scotchman does, but goes to a “mithai” shop, and makes himself ill with candied sugar.

Now that we have shopped a little in the bazaar, let us take a stroll through it. It is thronged with natives, from the scarlet and golden messenger of the British government, to our old friends, the wild dirty Tibetans. Sauntering in a bazaar is the *summum bonum* of life to a Hindu. Standing chatting in the middle of the roadway, or smoking a pipe with some friends in a shop, or sitting on the edge of the gutter, quietly contemplating the passers-by, he is perfectly happy. Within twenty yards is one of the grandest scenes in the world—a splendid panorama of hill and valley, with the eternal snows as a background on one side, while on the other the view melts away into the distant plains across which the great Sutlej is seen like a silver band. But to our brown friends such things possess no attraction. The bustle, the closeness, the smells, the flies, the pariah dogs, the unowned children of the kennel, and all the other attractions of the bazaar, are to them more pleasing than the majestic tranquillity of mountain, and valley, and far-off plain. But we ought not to be too severe on the bazaar; it has its spectacle and pretty objects now and again. See that long line of horsemen coming slowly along with the stout little gentleman riding in front. He is a mountain chieftain, whose home is a lonely castle on a hill-side, over-looking a great rich valley which is his own. One cannot help observing how gallantly he is dressed; in gay, but well-matched colours, and cloth of the richest material. The horsemen behind are his suite. One is probably his commander-in-chief (for he is sure to have an army, however small), another the keeper of his privy purse, others lords in waiting, and so on. All fine little gentlemen in their way, and men in authority. Simla is “town” to them, the metropolis of civilization; the bazaar is Regent Street and Cheapside in one. As they pass, the shopkeepers come to their thresholds and make low salaams. The stout little prince who is passing is the representative of a family which for generations has been to their ancestors and themselves the ideal of greatness, the incarnation of power, the pink of nobility. Is it not recorded in their unwritten traditions how his grandfather, at the head of a great army, drove back the Goorkhas, who were hovering over the town, and then, out of mere light-heartedness, looted it

himself, and carried away its female population, to a woman; and how, when the carpenter and goldsmith and sweetmeat men went, as a deputation from the burghers, to expostulate with him, he relented, and wept on their necks, and promised to give them back one-half of their wives and daughters, on condition of receiving a sum of tribute-money yearly for ever; and how they only got their grandmamas after all. With such legends living in their memory, how can they help honouring and fearing those of their rajahs who are still left to them.

Look at those gaily dressed, fair, and pretty women; they come from the valleys immediately under the snowy range, to buy the nose-rings and bangles which their souls love. Although some of them have two or three real husbands, they are good and happy women, and have pleasant homes among those giant mountains of the Himalaya beyond the Sutlej. Theirs is a cool fruit-growing land, abounding in peaches, strawberries, walnuts, and grapes; and their fair pretty faces, and their merry, wholesome laughter, speak of the happy glens from which they come.

To all these people, Simla is just what it was before the irrepressible English found it. It is their own town still; and if the English left India to-morrow, it would go on making its nose-rings and sweet-meats; and, beyond a passing remark, the simple dwellers among the mountains would never note the change.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
THE DUC DE PERSIGNY.

DEATH had made a solitude around the Emperor Napoleon before the last calamities of his dynasty and his Empire had thinned the ranks of those flatterers and accomplices whose fidelity, like the dial, counts only the serene and sunny hours. Even at the full meridian of its glory, the Second Empire was said by its adepts to own but a single pure Bonapartist among its followers. M. de Morny and others might be within the tables of Imperial consanguinity, but they were Imperialists by accident and luck rather than by principle and conviction. As for the Rouhers, the Billauts, the Magnes and the Baroches, they were simply lawyers and men of business who lent their tongues, their wits, and their consciences at a rate of interest proportioned to the risk of the security, and who would have accepted service un-

der any master who could make it worth their while to render unto Cæsar the things that were not Cæsar's. With a few exceptions, the dispersed survivors of the downfall are mere creatures out of place, who saved little or nothing from the spoils, and who are doomed to end, as they began, needy speculators in national misfortune. Among the summer friends of prosperity and power, the Duc de Persigny shone out with a lustre all his own. He was the Bayard of a class so well described in a melancholy passage of the "Life of Julius Cæsar," in which the Imperial historian excuses and explains the character of his hero's associates. Although, according to Chamfort, the way to please a man of quality is not to save his life or his honour, but to "make him a genealogy," we shall not attempt to pay so thankless a posthumous compliment to the departed nobleman. That his paternal name was Fialin; that at one period of his versatile life he "resumed" the title of Viscount, which it seems his family had dropped, and dropped the name of Fialin, which his family had worn for a couple of centuries or so; that he was something of a Legitimist for a moment under the Restoration, and having entered the army was dismissed for insubordination; that he was a quasi Republican at the Revolution of July, and, like many other Republicans of that epoch, became an ardent convert to the Napoleonic Légende and a true believer in the Star; that he conspired and escaped at Strasburg; that he conspired and was caught at Boulogne, and was allowed to remain a prisoner on parole at Versailles; that in February, 1848, he was again at large, and again conspiring under all manner of official designations for his prince; and that in December, 1851, this fine career of public virtue was rewarded as it deserved, and the Mecca of this devout ambition was attained;—are not these things henceforth a part of the History of France which M. Guizot will probably decline to write for the edification of his grandchildren?

It would be gross injustice to deny to M. de Persigny the singular honour of having been the typical representative of the final avatar of Napoleonism. His whole life was an adventure and a conspiracy; but his peculiarity was that he contrived to persuade himself that the pillage of a State was the purest patriotism, and the confiscation of law and property the perfection of ordered licence and of the science of enlightened administration—after the manner of Cartouche. He mis-

took an orgie of gamblers for a civilized and respectable form of government as candidly and sincerely as he mistook himself for a grand seigneur. All men, it has been said, are apt to make maxims of their favourite follies and precepts of their propensities. M. de Persigny had constructed out of his moral consciousness a faith in the democratic despotism of the Bonapartes, as in a Second Providence upon earth, for the salvation of revolutionary societies, and the creation of penniless counts and dukes out of a chaos of communism and panic. The Gospel of St. Helena was his religion; he was its martyr and confessor in evil days, and when it became the religion of the State he believed in it still; indeed, we doubt not he believed in it to the day of his death, as some gamblers believe in rouge-et-noir, with an ardour unquenched by disaster. The glorious device of his reigning house, "Sauvons la caisse," may have dignified and consoled his latest reflections upon the final failure of an experiment which at least had filled the pockets of so many generous enthusiasts. Whatever doubts may have overshadowed his hours of retirement, he cannot but have felt that he had enjoyed a rare degree of felicity in being almost respected, while his compeers were derided and envied. His intervals of isolation during the declining years of his beloved régime had lent him a certain air of distinction which a few speeches in the Senate against parliamentary institutions, and his occasional letters to the Emperor, urgently advising vast public loans for the construction of cross-roads and canals, exalted rather than impaired. The general public were disposed to give him credit for all the good which was left undone and for opposing all the evil he did not prevent. And he made ample use of his opportunities of increasing this gratuitous and fanciful reputation. It is no secret that during his last visit to London he complained bitterly of the frivolous counsels which had accelerated a ruinous war. He had not foreseen the publication of those confidential papers which show that the Duc de Persigny had eagerly applauded the declaration of war. It was only a disastrous war that he disapproved.

M. de Persigny was personally and pleasantly known on this side of the Channel as an ambassador who relished English life as heartily as he hated English liberties, and who had the parvenu's taste for the rich man's country. English society is seldom reluctant to bow down before any sort of success; and when M. de Persigny kept open house at Albert Gate his saloons were as fashionably filled as the late lamented Mr. Hudson's. There was a flavour of something questionable and *interlope* in the political antecedents of the enterprising diplomatist which engaged the jaded sympathies of a society always in search of a sensation. Some fastidious Frenchmen who remember that their country had been represented in other days by a Broglie, a St. Aulaire, a Guizot, a Chateaubriand, might be excused for shrugging their shoulders at the enthusiasm of Belgravia for a *commis voyageur*. But in the London world it was enough that his Excellency was most genial and hospitable, and decidedly more free and easy than his predecessors or his colleagues; besides being a charitable patron of the English alliance. After the brief occupation of Albert Gate by that gay old "trouper" the Duc de Malakoff, there was quite a perfume of good company in the receptions of the Duc de Persigny, who, if not a grand seigneur of the old school, was very much at his ease in an aristocratic mob. M. de Persigny had taken the measure of English policy, and of English manners and morals, and while the Embassy adopted a high tone with the Foreign Office upon any question of refugees or conspirators, it agreeably encouraged that enlarged and liberal freedom of social intercourse which is perhaps one of the most lasting benefits we owe to the Second Empire.

The Duc de Persigny will probably be more regretted by a few in England than by many in France; but his biographer may plead that he bore the fate of his Sovereign and the woes of his country with a not ungraceful equanimity, and that there was even in the most doubtful passages of his life and the least imposing features of his character something that inspired an involuntary sympathy.



THE VERB "PROGRESS. — The opinion is widely spread among literary men that to use the word *progress* as a verb is to be guilty of an Americanism. How can this opinion be maintained, seeing that *progress* is used as a verb by Shakespeare, Ford, and Milton? —

"Let me wipe off this honorable dew  
That silently doth *progress* on thy cheeks."  
King John, Act V. Sc. 2.

"Although the popular blast  
Hath reared thy name up to bestride a cloud.  
Or *progress* in the chariot of the sun,"  
Ford.

"In supereminence of beatific vision *progressing* the dateless and irrevolvable circle of eternity." — Milton's *Reformation in England*.

IN VENICE. — No one should leave Venice without well studying the curious mosaics in St. Mark's; — that grand cathedral is at once a noble temple and an historical museum of unsurpassed interest. Here you may read of the religion, the riches, the liberality, the conquests, and the progress made in the arts, by that wonderful Republic of the past. Here are treasures, war spoils, from Constantinople and from Greece. Over the great door stand the gilded bronze horses, said to be the work of Phidias, placed there, I conclude, to show the Venetians what a horse is like, as they have no opportunity of studying the living animal. These were taken to Paris as trophies by the first Napoleon, and restored, to the great joy of the people, after the battle of Waterloo. It is difficult to imagine a city full of life without horses and without wheels, in which you *may* walk certainly, but only through narrow lanes of houses, where you may touch the walls on either side with outstretched arms, where you come to bridges of steps every few yards over the numerous canals, and where the turnings are so intricate, and so much alike, that only by great care can you find your way back to your hotel; a city wholly devoid of verdure, where all the vegetables and fruit consumed have to be brought in barges daily from the mainland. In some of the court-yards you see a few orange-trees in tubs, and there is one square patch called a garden, containing a few trees; but with these exceptions there is no green thing in Venice, and the nearest approach to vegetation must be looked for on the Lido, that long, low, narrow tongue of land sheltering Venice from the waves of the Adriatic, which may be seen from the lagoon where all is calm, tossing and raging, as though vainly endeavouring to burst the slender barrier. One of the most interesting sights in Venice is

the glass manufactory on the island of Murano, where of late years the making of the famous Venetian glass, so prized by antiquaries, has been revived and carried to great perfection. To our English eyes this glass may appear dull, and imperfect in shape; but when we consider that all the beautiful vases, flowers, etc., we see, are made without model, simply shaped by the eye and hand of the workman, the marvel is that they are so true in form. A man will take a certain number of sticks of glass of equal length, resembling the peppermint-sticks so dear to children, and place them in a row on a sort of shovel; this he places in a furnace till the glass becomes partially fused; then he takes another round iron implement, and twists the melted glass round it, and by turning it in various ways, and frequently placing it in the furnace for a few moments, it at last assumes whatever shape you please — either vase, goblet, or plate. When finished in shape, he takes a small quantity of dark red glass, passes it lightly round the edge, and thus forms the border. The preparation of the gold stone-glass, and of the opal tint which is so much admired, is a secret recently re-discovered, I believe, by Salviati, to whom we are indebted also for the modern mosaics, which from their beauty and durability will, I trust, ere long, be employed largely in wall decorations in England. The bugle and bead works are also curious. A man takes a piece of glass from the furnace, blows down an iron rod into it; another man seizes it, and the two walk backwards from each other through a long passage till the glass is drawn to the size of a bead or a bugle; it is then cut into lengths, and the beads are filled with sawdust, again fuse, and rounded by friction, being shaken together in a sack by a peculiar motion.

Churchman's Shilling Magazine.

NEW FOSSIL CONIFERS. — Mr. W. Carruthers has figured and described in the number of the *Geological Magazine* for December 1871 two new species of fossil coniferous fruits from the Gault beds of Folkestone. He states one species to be allied to the existing *Wellingtonia*, and shows that they point to the existence of a coniferous vegetation on the high lands of the Upper Cretaceous period, which had a *facies* similar to that now existing on the mountains in the west of North America between the thirtieth and fortieth parallel of latitude. No fossil referable to *Sequoia* (or *Wellingtonia*) has hitherto been found in strata older than the Gault, and here, on the first appearance of the genus, we find it associated with pines of the same group that now flourish by its side in the New World.